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LOVE'S LADY.

TO-DAY, as when we two sat together close,
A great wind wakes and thunders as it blows —
We were together then beside the sea,
And now instead the sea between us flows.

O day that found us on that wind-swept coast,
And did such brave things for the future
boast —

Though in thy voice a note of warning was —
This day, so like thee, seems thy very ghost!

O parted, precious, memorable days,
When sudden summer kindled all my ways,
When Love reached out his blessing hand
to me,
And turned on mine the glory of his face!

And thou, my Love, in whose deep soul my
soul
Lay for a little season and grew whole —
Thou who wert heat and light and sun and
shade —

Thou who didst lead me to Life's fairest
goal —

Whose sweetest lips Love, kissing, made to
sing —

Ah, at what bright unfathomable spring
Was thy life nurtured in the far-off land
Through which the unborn host go wandering?

In stately body God thy soul did clothe —
Thy perfect soul — that so thou might'st have
both

To take away the hearts of men withal;
And tenderness to strength he did betroth;

And in thy beautiful and luminous eyes
The wayward changefulness of April skies
I set for sovereign charm; and made thy
voice

A sweet and a perpetual surprise.

Alas, what song of mine can demonstrate
The love that came between me and my
fate —

That would have saved me from despair
and doom
Had destiny but been compassionate?

As high as Heaven it was, deep as the sea,
And mystical and pure as lilies be,
And glowing with the glory of the June,
When birds and flowers and light make rev-
elry.

Steadfast it was, as stars whereby men steer —
Tender as twilight, when the moon is near
And all the gentle air is warm with hope,
And we the Summer's hastening feet can hear.

How can my single, singing strength suffice
To worship thee, my love, my Paradise?

My song falls weak before thee, and
abashed,
Nor ever to thy spirit's height may rise;

Yet even by its failure men shall see
How more than all loves was my love of
thee —

Thou, who didst overflow my life with
Heaven,
Making that life Love's miracle to be!

And, though my little note of music pass
As barren breath one breathes upon a glass,
And I be numbered with the numberless
throng
Of whom men say not, even, "This man
was,"

O yet, from thee, in whom all beauty blent,
My Rose of women, from thy heart there
went —

From thy deep, splendid, perfect, passion-
ate heart —

A love to be, in death, my monument!

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Fortnightly Review.

H. E. W. TO W. C. E.

BROWNING? yes, in a general way
You have scanned his verses I must suppose:
You have read a poem or two, you say,
Enough for a critic, as every one knows.

What then? only this, that, to profit from
aught,
You must do your part, you must work, not
sleep:

There is corn to be found, if the corn be
sought,
But bread for none who refuse to reap,

For many may fast, and few may feast,
And the few grow fat as the meals go by:
But when will the many grow fat, who wait
To be fed like nestlings with worm and fly?

An easy thought in an easy book,
Since life is short, is enough, you say:
And the difficult thought in an untried nook
(Yet the latter is greater) may pass away.

And Browning's lovers you treat with scorn:
But which, may I ask, is more probably
right, —
Who opens his eyes and declares the morn?
Who shuts them and says 'tis the dead of
night?

And if 'twere the former? still you doubt?
Ah! yours is a prejudice strong, if so,
That were something 'twere vain to argue
about:
Just think a little, let prejudice go!

But, putting aside your vain pretence
At criticism, what say we then?
Poet? yes, in the highest sense,
For the best if not for the most of men.

Spectator.

From The Fortnightly Review.
STRAY THOUGHTS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

I.

THERE are artists who, loving their work, when they have finished it put it aside for years, that, after the lapse of time, returning to it, and reviewing it from the standpoint of distance, they may judge of it in a manner which was not possible while the passion of creation and the link of unbroken emotion bound them to it.

What the artist does intentionally, life often does for us fortuitously.

It may be questionable whether a man has ever been able to form an adequate conception of his mother's face in its relation to others, till after long years of absence he has returned to it; and whether he will or no, there flashes on him the consciousness of its beauty, nobility, weariness, or age as compared with that of others; a thing which was not possible to him when it rose for him every morning as the sun.

What is true of the personal mother is yet more true of a man's native land. It has shaped all his experiences; it has lain as the background to all his consciousness; and has modified his sensations and emotions. He can no more pass a calm, relative judgment on it, than an artist upon the work he is creating, or a child at the breast upon the face above it. The incapacity of peoples to pass judgments on the surroundings from which they have never been separated is familiar to every traveller. The mayor of the little German town does not take you to see the costumes of the peasants, nor the old church, nor the Dürer over the altar; but drags you away to see the new row of gas-lamps in the village street. The costumes, the church, the picture are unique in Europe and the world; better gas-lamps flame before every butcher shop in London and Paris; but the lamps are new and have cost him much; he cannot view them objectively. The inhabitant of one of the rarest and fairest towns in the colonies or on earth does not boast to you of his oaks and grapes, or ask you what you think of his mountain, or explain to you the marvellous mixture of races in his streets; but he is anxious to know what you think

of his docks and small public buildings; he has not the emotional detachment necessary to the forming of a large critical judgment. A certain distance is necessary to the seeing clearly of large wholes. It is not by any chance that the most scientific exposition of American democracy is the work of a Frenchman, that the best history of the French Revolution is by an Englishman, and that the finest history of English literature is the work of a Frenchman. Distance is essential for a keen, salient survey, which shall take in large outlines and mark prominent characteristics.

It is customary to ridicule a traveller who passes rapidly through a country, and then writes his impression of it. The truth is he sees much that is hidden forever from the eyes of the inhabitants. Habit and custom have blinded them to many things. They are indignant when it is said that their land is arid, that it has few running streams, that its population is scanty, and that vegetables are scarce; and they are amused and surprised when one descants for three pages on the glorious rarity of their air and the scientific interest of their mingled peoples; yet these are the prominent external features which differentiate their land from all others.

Nevertheless, there is a sense in which the people of a country are justified in their contempt of the bird's-eye view of the stranger. There is a knowledge of a land which is only to be gained by one born in it, or brought into long-continued, close, personal contact with it, and which in its perfection is perhaps never obtained by any one of a country which he has not inhabited before he was thirty. It is the subjective, emotional sympathy with its nature; and the comprehension not merely of the vices and virtues of its people, but of the how and why of their existence, which is possible to a man only with regard to a country that is his own. The stranger sees the barren scene, but of the emotion which that barren mountain is capable of awakening in the man who lives under its shadow he knows nothing. He marks the curious custom, but of the social condition which originated it, and the

passion concerned in its maintenance, he understands nothing.

This subtle, sympathetic subjective knowledge of a land and people is that which is essential to the artist, and to the great leader of men. It is found as a rule only by a man with regard to his own land. To Balzac nothing was easier than to paint that Paris boarding-house. All the united intellect and genius of Europe could not have painted it if the grimy respectability of those chairs and tables, the sordid narrowness of the faded human lives, had not eaten emotionally into the substance of the painter. To Gladstone nothing is easier than to make a speech which shall move five thousand Scotchmen to madness. A foreigner might lay out the arguments more logically. He could not put out his hand and touch chord after chord of emotion and passion, producing what sound he would. The knowledge of these chords is possible only to a man within whom they exist.

Both forms of knowledge, the intellectual and abstract, the emotional and sympathetic, are essential to the true understanding of a country. If it may be said that no man understands a thing till he has coldly criticised it from a distance, it may also be said, that no man knows a thing till he has loved it.

If the fragmentary views in the following pages possess a claim to interest or attention, it rises in no degree from any special aptitude in the writer for discussing the questions dealt with—for none such exists; but from the chance coincidence of fortunate circumstances, which give to a man born and growing up in a land which he loves, and who returns to it after many years' absence in other lands, as it were a twofold position. Half he is outsider; half he is lover. It is only the thought that this position may possibly yield in itself a certain slight interest which overcomes the natural diffidence which one feels in dealing with subjects so vital, complex, and large that the opinion of any individual upon them must of necessity be tentative, and of very limited value.

For the right understanding of the South

African people and their problem, the first requisite is a clear comprehension of their land.

Taking the term South Africa to include all the country southward from the Zambesi and Lake N'gami to Cape Agulhas, it may be said that few territories possess more varied natural features; and that yet, nevertheless, through it all, from Walfisch Bay to Algoa, from the Zambesi to Cape Town, there is a certain unity. No South African set down in any part of it could fail to recognize it as his native land; and he could hardly mistake any other for it.

The most noticeable feature on first looking at it is the strip of lowland country running along the entire south and east coast, and bordered inland everywhere by high mountain ranges.

In the Western Province the coast-belt consists of huge mountain ranges forming a network over a tract of country some hundreds of miles in extent, the mountains having at their feet level valleys or small plains. They are composed of igneous though stratified rock, covered by little soil, and showing signs of titanic subterranean action; many of them seem to have been hurled up by one convulsive act; bare strata of rock thousands of feet in extent being raised on end, their jagged edges forming the summits of vast mountain ranges. In the still, peaceful valleys at the feet of these mountains are streams; in the spring the African heath covers them, the red, pink, and white bells are everywhere; and the small wine farms dot the sides of the valley, their white houses and green fields dwarfed under the high, bare mountains. Here and there are little towns and villages, built as only the old Dutch-Huguenots knew how to build, the long, straight streets lined with trees on either hand, the streams of water passing down them; and the old thatch-roofed, front-gabled, whitewashed, green-shuttered houses standing back, with the stone steps before the door, under the deep shade of the trees; their vineyards or orchards behind them. No one can build such towns now. They have the repose and dreary stillness of the Dutch farm. They are as unique as their mountains. Perhaps one sees the Western Province

scenery to greatest advantage in the Hex River valley, with its mountains of solid rock rising up thousands of feet on either hand, its vast strata contorted into fantastic shapes, and below them the smiling valley with its sprinkling of wine farms. But hardly less characteristic is Cape Town itself, the capital of the province and of the whole colony, which lies on a promontory at the extreme end of the continent. In a valley between two mountains—one high, flat, and of pure rock, its stupendous front overhanging the town, the other lower and rounded, its cliff worn away everywhere but on one mighty head,—the town with its flat-roofed houses and long, straight street lies on a bay as blue and delicately curved as that of Naples. Here it was that the wondering Hottentots on the shore saw the first sails creep across the blue waters of their bay. Here it was that Jan Anthony van Riebeeck, the servant of the Dutch East Indian Company, landed in 1653 with his dependents, and built the first small town, and made the first gardens. We still walk under the oak-trees they planted; the fort which they built in those early days may still be seen on the seashore; the small block-houses still standing on the spurs of the mountain were used in those days as outlook towers against the incursions of enemies. Here the Dutch East Indian Company imported slaves often from Madagascar, English slave ships sometimes bringing them; the reason for the importation of slaves being, say the old chronicles, that native Hottentots would not labor for their masters as imported slaves would. Here, Peter Kolben tells us, that about the year 1712 he saw a slave burnt to death. They are, he says, speaking of the slaves, "most detestable and wicked wretches," and "'tis now and then a most difficult thing to keep them in order." This slave had tried to burn down his master's house, and was tied to an upright post by a chain which allowed him to make one turn about it. "Then," says Peter Kolben, "was kindled a fire round about him, just beyond the stretch of the chain; the flames rose high; the heat was vehement, he ran for some time to-and-again about the post, but gave not one cry. Being half roasted he

sank down, and said (speaking in Portuguese), *Oh, God my Father, and then expired.*"

These things have passed away now. For ten miles along the foot of the mountains stretch the suburbs of Cape Town, villa, and garden, and pine and oak avenue, mingling themselves in endless succession. Here a man might dream away his life, buried among roses and plumbago blossoms.

Perhaps the finest view in the world is that from the top of the Kloof behind Cape Town. To your right is Table Mountain, the sublimest mass in the world, its gigantic crags of unbroken rock towering up into the blue; below are the pine woods and the town, with its white, flat houses, and beyond the blue, curved bay, the mountains of Hottentot's Holland, with a canopy of clouds appearing and receding again into the blue. If you turn, behind you is the blue South Atlantic as far as the eye can reach, and the terrible serrated fronts of the Twelve Apostles stand facing it, front beyond front, the sea breaking in little blue bays at their feet.

The population of the Western Province is partly English and partly Boer or Dutch-Huguenot, the descendants of the Dutch East Indian Company's servants and settlers, and of a large number of French Huguenots who arrived in the colony about 1687, driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who, winnowed by the unerring flail of religious persecution, form, perhaps, the finest element that has ever at once been added to the population of South Africa. The laboring classes are here as elsewhere dark, and here largely half-caste, being the descendants of the first Dutch residents and their slaves; or more rarely of blended Dutch and Hottentot blood. In Cape Town itself are found also Malays, Chinamen, Hindus, and the representatives of all European peoples.

If, leaving Cape Town, we go a few hundred miles eastward, along the coast, we shall find the lowland belt assume a new character. The hills, though high, are softer and more rounded, and covered completely with soil and coarse, short grass; or their sides, and even summits,

are clothed in bush, stretching sometimes for ten, twenty, or fifty miles. This bush is neither forest nor scrub. In the valleys of high mountains, or along the beds of watercourses, it often becomes forest, with thick-stemmed, timber-producing trees; and monkey ropes thicker than a man's arm hang from the branches, and there is forest shade and stillness. But, in the main, South African bush is composed of creeper-like shrubs, sometimes attaining forty feet in height, and of many various hollow-stemmed, succulent plants, aloe, elephant's food, euphorbia, the last of which here often attains the height of a tall tree, but is so light that cut down a child may drag it. Sometimes the bush is more or less continuous, the shrubs and bushes being intersected everywhere by what seem like little dry paths. But in its most characteristic form the bush consists of large isolated clumps of vegetation; there is the kunee, a great creeper-like tree, whose interlaced branches, touching the ground everywhere, form beehive-shaped masses looking like immense Kafir huts; around it spring up elephant's food, namnam, and wild asparagus, and perhaps a tall euphorbia-tree, with its cactus-like leaves, shoots up into the air through it. These clumps of vegetation, sometimes almost solid, and often forty or fifty feet in circumference, are divided from others by spaces of short, smooth grass, usually brown, except after the early rains. In this bush it is particularly easy to lose oneself. As you pass round clump after clump, there are always others of exactly the same shape as before, and you find sometimes you have gone two or three times round the same mass. Oxen once lost in this bush may not be discovered for days, though behind the next clump, and it is almost hopeless to look for them unless one can gain an eminence and over-see a wide reach.

This bush is the peculiar home of the great scarlet geranium, now common in English hot-houses, and of the delicate blue star-like plumbago, and of endless ferns; but the heaths and flowers of the Western Province are not found here. Eighty years ago this tract was alive with elephants, lions, bush-buck, and wild animals of all kinds. Now the elephants are extinct, except where artificially preserved, bush-buck are scarce, a few large leopards may still be found in sequestered kloofs, and wild cats and monkeys are still not uncommon, but a lion has not been seen here for forty years. Thousands of small birds are found in the bush, who

feed on the berries abundant everywhere; in the depths of one kunee-tree twenty or thirty will sometimes be heard chirping. Eighty years ago the inhabitants of this tract were brave, warlike Kafir tribes of the Bantu people. They have not been exterminated as the Hottentots and Bushmen in the west have largely been, but are still found in a half-civilized condition as servants on farms and in towns. The white inhabitants at the present day are mainly English, the descendants largely of a group of emigrants who landed here in 1820, one of the most entirely successful and satisfactory bodies of emigrants whom England has ever sent out. Here and there throughout the entire tract are scattered small English towns and villages, and thriving farms where sheep and agriculture go together, are hidden away among the bushes. To see this land typically one should outspan one's wagon on the top of a height on a summer's midday. Not a creature stirs anywhere, and the sun pours down its rays on the flaccid dust-covered leaves of the bushes. When the driver has gone to lie down behind the bushes, and the leader is gone to take the oxen to water, if you stand up alone on the chest at the front of the wagon and look out, you will see as far as your eye can reach over hills and dales, the silent, motionless, hot bush stretching. Not a sound is to be heard; and the heat is so intense your hand blisters on the tent of the wagon where you have rested it; only from a clump of bush at your right a cicada sets up its keen, shrill cry, glorying in the heat and solitude of the bush. Not less characteristically do you see it, when as a little child you travel through it in the night. The ox-wagon creeps slowly along the sandy road; the driver, walking beside it, calls at intervals to his tired oxen; we look out across the wagon-chest and see as the wagon moves along how the dark outlines of the bushes on either side seem to move too; a great clump seems coming nearer and nearer like a vast animal; the shapes are magnified by the dark. We creep closer down behind the wagon-chest, and look out across it. Against the dark night sky to our right, on the ridge of the hill, are the gaunt forms of aloes standing like a row of men keeping watch. We remember all the stories we have heard of Kafir wars and men shot and stabbed as they passed along hillsides, and of wild animals, and we creep down lower; then a will-o'-the-wisp comes out from some dried-up torrent-bed, and far before us dances in and

out among the clumps of bush, now in sight and now out again. You are glad when the people in the wagon begin to sing hymns, and more glad yet when at half past nine the wagon stops, drawn up against a great clump of bush at the roadside. The tired oxen are taken from the yoke, and every one climbs out, and a fire is lighted, and you gather from far and wide stumps of dried elephant's food and euphorbia, that you can drag with one hand, and bits of branch and dry twig, and throw them on the fire; the flame leaps higher and higher, and all sit down beside the ruddy blaze. Away behind another bush the driver and leader have lighted their fire, and are talking to each other in Kafir as they boil the coffee and grill the meat. The blaze of your own fire leaps up, and illumines the great and dusty body of the wagon with its white sails, and glints on the horns of the tired oxen where they lie tied to their yokes, chewing the cud, and on the bush with its dark green leaves behind you; and you laugh and talk, and forget the stories of Kafir wars, and the great bush stretching about you.

This tract of coast belt forms part of the eastern province of the Cape Colony, and is under English rule. It is on the whole fertile, though more subject to drought than the western districts of the colony, and none of its rivers are perennial, all being in long droughts completely dry. Fruit, and wool, and grain are produced here.

If we go farther north along the coast we come to Kafirland, a richly wooded, fertile land, the scenery about the mouth of the St. John's River being supposed to be the finest combination of bush, river, and mountain scenery to be found anywhere in South Africa. It is inhabited by Kafir tribes of the Bantu race, in a half-civilized, half-savage condition, who are under British rule.

Farther north yet, we come to Natal, a British colony. The climate here is warm, the country fertile in the extreme; coffee, sugar, rice, pineapples, and all tropical fruits flourish here, yet it is not less healthy than the more southern portions of the coast belt. Its population is more largely black than white, the natives being Zulus of the Bantu race; the white population is mainly English, and appears to be above the common colonial average in intelligence, and culture, and enterprise.

Farther north yet, from Delagoa Bay to the mouth of the Zambesi, stretches a tract of low-lying but fertile and well-

watered country; its streams, unlike most in South Africa, are navigable. Though now more or less fever-haunted along the beds of streams, utilized, drained, and cultivated, it might become one of the most fertile parts of South Africa. It is at present inhabited by native tribes and by a few Portuguese, with their half-caste descendants, the number being inappreciable when compared to the native population. It is concerning this tract that the existing difference with Portugal has arisen. The Zambesi, which empties itself on the north, is the largest and only really navigable river of South Africa.

If we return to the western districts of the Cape Colony, and, leaving the coast belt, we climb one of the high mountain ranges that here, as everywhere else, separate the coast from the centre of the country, we shall find that, on reaching its summit, we make hardly any descent on the other side; and that what appeared from the south to be a high mountain range was merely the edge of a vast plateau. We find ourselves on an undulating plain, bounded on every side by small fantastic hills. The air is dry and clear; so light that we draw a long breath to make sure we are breathing aright. The sky above us is a more transparent blue than near the coast, and seems higher. There is not a blade of grass growing anywhere; the red sand is covered with bushes a few inches high, their small, hard leaves of dull olive green; here and there is an ice-plant, or a stapelia with fleshy, cactus-like leaves, and a rod-like milk bush with pale green, fleshy fingers. As far as the eye can reach there is not a tree or a shrub three feet high; and, far in the distance, rising abruptly out of the plain, are two solitary, flat-topped mountains, while nearer at hand are small, conical hillocks, of round iron-stones, piled so regularly on one another that they seem the work of man rather than nature. In the still, clear air you can see the rocks on the hill ten miles off as clearly as if they stood beside you; the stillness is so intense that you can hear the movement of your own breath. This is the Karoo. To the stranger oppressive, weird, fantastic, it is to the man who loves it, and who has lived within it, a scene for which no other on earth will compensate.

If you travel through it for fifteen, twenty, or fifty miles, you may come on a farm. The house, a small brown or white speck in the vast landscape, lies at the foot of a hill, or "kopje," with its sheep kraals on the slope behind it, great brown

squares enclosed by low stone walls; sometimes there is a garden before it, also enclosed by stone walls, and full of fruit trees, and there is a dam with willow-trees planted by it; sometimes there is no dam and no garden, and the little brown mud-house stands there baking in the sun with its kraals behind it, the only water it has coming from some small, invisible spring.

Throughout the Karoo there are few running streams; the waters of any fountain which exist are quickly drunk up by the dry soil, and men and animals are largely dependent on artificial dams filled by rain water. The farmer makes his living from flocks of sheep which wander over it, and in good years flourish on the short, dry bushes.

In the spring, in the years when rain has fallen for two months, the Karoo is a flower-garden. As far as the eye can reach stretch blotches of white and yellow and purple fig flowers; every foot of Karoo sand is broken up by small, flowering lilies and wax flowers; in a space a few feet square you may sometimes gather fifty kinds. In the crevices of the rocks little hard-leaved, flowering air plants are growing. At the end of two months the bloom is over; the bulbs have died back into the ground by millions, the fig blossoms are withered, the Karoo assumes the red and brown tints which it wears all the rest of the year. Sometimes there is no spring. At intervals of a few years great droughts occur, when no rain falls. For ten or thirteen months the sky is cloudless. The Karoo bushes drop their leaves and are dry, withered stalks, the fountains fail, and the dams are floored with dry-baked mud, which splits up into little squares; the sheep and goats die by thousands, and the Karoo is a desert. It is to provide for these long, rainless periods that all the plant-life in the Karoo is modified. Nothing that cannot retain life habitually for six months, and at need for twice that time, without rain, can exist here. The Karoo bush itself provides against drought by roots of enormous length stretching under the ground to a depth of many feet. At the end of a ten months' drought, when the earth is baked brickdust for two feet from the surface, if you break the dried stalk of a Karoo bush three inches high, you will find running down the centre a tiny thread of pale green-tinted tissue still alive with sap.

Many plants live by means of fleshy bulbs buried deep under ground; and in years when no rain falls they do not appear above the surface, or flower. Many

plants have thick, fleshy leaves, in which they store up moisture against the time of need; some, such as the common sorrel and dandelion, become ice-plants; all over their fleshy leaves and stems are little diamond-like drops, which when broken are found to be full of pure water; a little plant sometimes having a cupful stored in this way. Some live by having their leaves closely pressed together into little solid squares or balls, so saving all evaporation from their surfaces. The air plants, which are fastened by the slenderest roots to the ground or rocks, live entirely on any moisture they may draw from the air, and will grow and bloom for months in a house without any water. In other ways the intense dryness modifies vegetation; food being scarce, all forms of vegetation are eagerly sought after by animals; and an unusual number are protected by thorns, or by such an intense bitterness that no animal will touch them. One little plant protects itself by assuming a curious likeness to a white lichen that covers the rocks; the plant has sharp-pointed green leaves; these are placed close together with their points upwards, and on the tip of each leaf is a little, white, scaly sheath; the resemblance of the smooth surface these present to the lichen growing on the rocks, beside which it is always found, is so great that it is not till you tread on it that you discover the deception. Even on insects the stern conditions of life have a marked effect. Imitation coloring is more common here than elsewhere. One little insect is so like the white pebbles near which it is always found, and lies so motionless among them, that, once dropped, it cannot be found again; another large, square locust, with hardly any power of flight, protects itself by simply lying motionless on red stones, which it so exactly resembles in color, having even rough cleavage marks upon it, that it is often impossible to detect it when you know it is there.

To see the Karoo rightly one should saddle one's horse and ride away from some solitary farmhouse. For twenty miles you may ride without seeing even a herd of sheep or goats, or a korhaan or a meerkat. At midday you off saddle in a narrow plain between two low hills which widens out at the further end into a wider plain, from which rise some conical, solitary, flat-topped hills, and the horizon is bounded by a purple mountain thirty miles off. You put your saddle down beside a milk bush, and tie the halter round your horse's knee, that he may go and feed

upon the bushes; and you seat yourself beside the milk bush. It gives little shade, and the midday sun shines hot. In the red sand at your feet the ants are running to and fro, carrying away the crumbs that may have fallen from your saddle-bag; and in the intense stillness you can hear your horse break little twigs from the bushes as he feeds; then he moves further off and you cannot hear even that. Then you notice on the red sand, a little to the right at the root of a bush, a scaly lizard, with his head raised, and his belly palpitating on the sand, watching you. He is about three inches long and the color of the sand. You move, and he is gone like a flash of light; the ants have carried away most of the crumbs and are gone too. You sit alone with the sun beating down on you. Just as the plain lies to-day so it has lain for countless ages. Those sharp stones on the edge of the hill to your right, with their points turned to the sky, how many ages is it since these edges were broken? The bushman and the wild buck have come, they crept over the scene and are gone, and the Englishman with his horse and gun have come; but the plain lies, with its sharp stones turned to the sky, as it has lain for a million years unchanged.

It is not fear one feels with the clear, blue sky above one; that which creeps over one is not dread. It was amid such scenes as these, amid motionless, immeasurable silence, that the Oriental mind first framed its noblest conception of the Unseen, the "I am that I am" of the Hebrew.

Not less wonderful is the Karoo at night, when the stars of the Milky Way form a band across the sky. You stand alone outside, you see the velvet blue-black vault rising slowly on one side of the great horizon and sinking on the other; the earth is so motionless, the silence is so intense, you almost seem to hear the stars move. Nor less wonderful are the moonlight nights, when you sit alone on a kopje and the moon has risen across the plain, and the soft light is over everything; even the stones are beautiful; and what you have dreamed about human love and fellowship, and never grasped, you believe in then.

Hardly less beautiful is the sunrise, when the hills, which have been purple, turn to gold, and suddenly the rays of light shoot fifty miles across the plain and make every drop on the ice-plants sparkle.

Not less lovely are the sunsets; you go out in the evenings; the fierce heat of the day is over: as you walk a cool breath

touches your cheek; you look up, and all the hills are turned pink and purple, and a curious light lies on the top of the Karoo bushes; they are gilded; then it vanishes, and all along the west there are bars of gold against a pale emerald sky, and then everything begins to turn grey.

In the Karoo there are also mirages. As you travel along the great plains, more especially between Beaufort and De Aar, you may almost reckon to see on a hot summer day, away on the horizon, beautiful lakes with the sunlight sparkling on the water, and islands and palm-trees, domes and minarets on the mainland, and snow-capped mountains rising behind them. If you stop for half an hour watching them you will still see them. Why they should always take the shape of lakes, and islands with palm-trees, is something which science has not yet explained.

There is much talk sometimes as to whether the Karoo could or could not be made useful agriculturally by the building of great dams, and so supply corn and vegetables in large quantities. This is irrelevant. When all the more readily cultivable places in the world and in South Africa have been brought under the plough, then and not till then it may pay to turn the Karoo into a garden. The soil is scanty in most parts, sometimes hardly covering the rocks; the long droughts and habitual dryness of the air must make agriculture always difficult. There are vast tracts covered with sharp stones, where it is difficult even for sheep to find pasturage. But the Karoo has a commercial future; it is the sanatorium of the world. It will be visited in the future not only by people seeking recovery from illness, but by the dweller from the moister Zambesia and sub-tropical regions of Africa, for its dry, stimulating properties. The selfish lover of the Karoo may regret it, but the day will come when the inhabitants of the Karoo will cull their millions from their dry soil and bare hills, as the inhabitants of the Riviera cull them to-day.

At present the Karoo is inhabited sparsely by Boer and English farmers, the farms lying often forty or fifty miles apart; and there are a few small villages at distances of more than one hundred miles.

The early inhabitants of the country were wandering tribes of Bushmen, whose paintings of animals we still find under the shelving edge of some rock, and whose arrowheads and flints may still be picked

up at the source of some hidden spring they used to frequent. They are gone now, like the large game; a few wandering remnants of tribes may be found in the extreme north-east, and a few ragged individuals in cast-off European clothing may be seen about the back doors of farm-houses, begging for brandy. The whole of the Karoo forms part of English Cape Colony.

If we leave the Karoo and go north and east, we shall see tablelands as high or higher than the Karoo, but their character has changed. The earth is covered with soil, the hills are smaller and more rounded, the plains are softer, wider, and more rolling, and grass has taken the place of the Karoo bushes. At first one who has lived long in the Karoo experiences a sense that is almost relief at the changed nature of the scene; the soft, rolling outlines give one a sense of relaxed tension; it is as when one long accustomed to live with a strong individual nature, comes at first into contact with one more negative and passive; for the first moment there is repose; then one quickly wearies and hungers for the more positive and active individuality. The wide, rolling grass plains, with their little hills, have their charm, but one wearies of it. Throughout the Orange Free State, Griqualand East, Bechuanaland, with slight modification they extend; here more rolling, there more hilly, here dotted with a few beautiful mimosa-trees, there as level as a table; but there is always the same succession of grassy plains, and generally of flat-topped hills, with a few little bushes on their summits. These plains are perhaps seen most typically in the Free State. Here you may span your wagon in the morning, and creep all day across the level plain along a straight road, with the grass on either hand, and in the evening when you outspan you will not yet have reached the hill whose top you saw before you on the horizon at starting. At great intervals you may come upon a homestead; the white or mud-colored house standing at the foot of a little hill, with its dam of rain water and its garden and kraals; but you may travel the best part of a day without coming near one. In the spring the grass is short and green; in the autumn long and waving, and cattle flourish on it. The time is still within memory of those who have not yet reached middle life when these plains were alive with game. We can recall, as small children, travelling across them in the north of the Free State and Bechuanaland, when the wagon

seemed to divide herds of antelope and zebra with ostriches among them, the animals grazing on either side of the road. Now they have been exterminated, and game, unless preserved, is only to be found farther north. The Free State is a small independent republic, once under English rule, but given up by England in 1824 as not worth keeping; it is inhabited by Dutch-Huguenots or Boers and English, the Boers living mainly on the farms, the English in the towns. The laboring classes here as elsewhere are black, but the Free State is the one State in South Africa in which the white race is not largely out-numbered by the black. British Bechuanaland, which comprises the larger part of this grass-plain region, is a vast tract inhabited mainly and sparsely by native tribes subject to England, and by a few settlers, and the inhabitants of a few embryo villages. Its soil is rich, and, like the rest of the grass-plains, if vast dams were built it might become a great grain-producing country. Its climate is perfect, rivalling that of the Karoo. In Griqualand East, the most interesting and varied division of the grass-plains, are situated the great Kimberley Diamond Mines, the richest in the world, and differing geologically from all others. Within the space of a few miles are situated those marvellous beds of once boiling but now petrified mud, which have for twenty years modified, and are still modifying, the history of South Africa.

It is through these grass-plains that the Vaal and the Orange rivers run; the last the most typically South African of rivers. In nothing perhaps is the difference between Europe and South Africa more emphasized than in their rivers. The South African in Europe hardly knows whether to smile or to scorn the smooth, gentle-flowing streams between their green banks. The African river alternates between being a stupendous body of water, tearing with irresistible force to the sea, its dark flood bearing before it all that has obstructed its course; or else a vast cavity of dry sand, its floor lined by boulders and debris, with a silver line of water creeping through it, or a few large pools collected here and there. Rising at an immense height above the sea in the central tablelands, fed by no melting snows, but dependent entirely on thunderstorms or the heavy rains of the wet seasons, the South African river rises with a rapidity and sweeps onward with a force that is almost inconceivable. A mighty body of red or dark brown water, it rushes with a

greasy, treacherous movement between its banks, the water being higher in the centre of the stream than at the sides, breaking there into bubbles and foam; on its dark surface it bears uprooted trees, drowned bodies of animals, or men; and the fearful rapidity of its movement is only noticeable when you mark how a floating object now at your feet is out of sight a mile away in a few seconds.

Yearly during the rainy season large numbers of persons are drowned in our rivers; the numbers recorded in the papers during the last rainy season exceeded one hundred and fifty, and very many deaths of natives and others remain unknown. There are no permanently navigable rivers in South Africa except in the north-east.

If we cross the Vaal River, we shall find to the north the Transvaal Republic. This is a country of great extent and diversity. In part of it we have bush, in part high grass-tablelands, and on the east a low-lying, fever-haunted district. The whole is of great fertility, and on the ridges of the high tablelands lie the great Johannesburg gold-mines, which have drawn men from all parts of the world. The government is republican, but the larger part of the population have no share in it. There are probably about eight black men to each white, and of the white, probably not one out of every two is of Boer extraction. In spite of its fertility the country is yet without railroads and largely undeveloped. If we cross the Limpopo, we shall find ourselves in the country known as Zambesia. It is bounded on the north by the Zambesi, the largest river of South Africa, and by the Lake N'gami, and its low-lying territory; on the west by the Kalahari; on the east by the strip of seaboard claimed by Portugal. To the extreme west it is largely flat, and is arid like the greater part of South Africa, but healthy. The central portions of it have mountain and bush; to the east is a high, healthy tableland.

West of the Kalahari and bordering the Atlantic runs up and down the coast a vast territory rich in copper and other metals, but in parts drier than the Kalahari itself. Instead of Karoo it is covered over to a large extent by a coarse, thick, tuft grass, which has the curious power of resisting drought for two or even three years. After it has been for that length of time without rain it still stands upright, and affords food for cattle and wild antelopes. Such wandering Bushmen and Hottentot tribes as still exist are found in this part, and, a few missionaries and traders ex-

cepted, the country is not inhabited by white men.

This is South Africa, the country which the South African regards as his native land. To the superficial observer nothing could be more dissimilar than its different parts; between the falls of the Zambesi, with their spray-drenched forest, and thunder audible for twenty miles, and their banks, unchanged as when the eye of Livingstone first saw them more than thirty years ago, and a little Eastern province town, with its humdrum conventional life; between the wilds of Namaqualand, where the little Bushman still sits down behind his bush to cook his supper of animal entrails, and lies down with the stars over him, and the trim white houses and streets of the Paarl; between the Kalahari, where under a thorn-tree groups of antelopes are gathered in moonlight, and no other living thing moves for forty miles, and the gambling saloons and music halls of Johannesburg or Kimberley; between the forests of Kafirland, where the Kafir boys are holding their abakweta dances in the night with whitened faces, and the drawing-rooms of Cape Town, where women in low dresses sit aimlessly talking, there seems no common bond.

Nevertheless, through the whole of South Africa there runs a certain unity. It is not only that geraniums and plumbago are peculiar to the land, and that flat-topped mountains, aloes and euphorbia, sand and rocks are found everywhere; nor even that the land is everywhere young and full of promise; but there is a certain colossal plenitude, a certain large freedom in its proportions, which is characteristic of South Africa. It is the intense blue of our skies, the vastness of our mountains, the fierceness of our rivers, the wideness of our plains, the roughness of our seas that forms the characteristic of our land. There is nothing measured, small, nor petty in South Africa. We recall once, many years ago, travelling from Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown in a post cart with a woman just come from England. All day we had travelled up through the bush, and at midnight came out on a height where before us as far as the eye could reach stretched the bush, without break or sign of human habitation. She began to sob; and, in reply to our questions, could only say inarticulately, "Oh, it is so terrible! There is so much of it!"

It is this "so much" for which the true South African longs when he leaves his native land. The little lane, the pond, the cottage with roses climbing over the porch,

the old woman going down the lane in her red cloak driving her cow, the parks with the boards of notice, the little hill with the church and ruin beyond, oppress and suffocate us. Amidst the art of Florence and Venice, amidst the civilization of London and Paris, in the crowded drawing-room, surrounded by all that wealth and culture and human fellowship can supply, there come back to us remembrances of still Karoo nights, when we stood alone under the stars and heard the silence; and we return. Europe cannot satisfy us. The sharp business man who makes money at the "fields" and goes to end his life in Europe, comes back at the end of two years. You ask him why he returned. He looks at you in a curious way, with his head on one side, and replies meditatively, "There's no room, you know. It's so free here." Neither can you entrap him into further explanations. South Africa is like a large, fascinating woman, with regard to whom those who see her for the first time wonder at the power she exercises, and those who come close to her fall under it, and never leave her for anything smaller because she liberates them.

Zambesia is inhabited in the west by a few Bamangwato under their chief Kame; in the centre by a fierce, warlike Matabele tribe, and in the east by the mild and more industrious Mashona tribes on whom the Matabele raid, and by the men of the British South African Company, looking for gold and building roads. Report speaks of its eastern portions as a land of flowing streams, of rich bush, of high, healthy table-lands, of streams where gold may be found for the washing, and of rocks that are aglow with it, and of ancient ruins.

It is of this land — the land of Livingstone — that on hot Sunday afternoons, when no more worldly books than missionary travels were allowed us, many of us sat and dreamed as children, sitting on our stools and looking out in the sunshine. *There* was no more boredom and no Sunday afternoon; *there* were elephants, and rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses, and lions; and the Garden Island, on which you would go and plant seed; and the smoke of the Victoria Falls; and the ruins where a part of the gold from which the queen of Sheba took her store to King Solomon might still be left. We thought of stories we had heard that a man once walked between three lions, north of the Limpopo, and they did not hurt him, and of how white rhinoceroses waded up valleys, and all round zebras and antelopes

stand under the trees, and we almost dropped the book upon the floor and rose to go. Over the very words Limpopo and Zambesi there hung the lure of the unknown. Even yet the land is not fully known. In three years there will be a railway there, and we shall all go.

How fully the dreams of children and men will be realized then it is impossible to know. Elephants may be scarce; Selous says he has shot the last white rhinoceros; if we met a lion he might eat us; boredom and Sunday afternoons may exist there as elsewhere; the gold may need much washing from the sand, and the ruins may be three hundred years old; but this one thing is certain, that in this region will ultimately spring up the great cities, the dense population, and the wealthy communities of South Africa. More, southern Africa may produce better men, our great poet may yet be born in the Karoo, our artist in the valley of the Paarl, our thinker among the keen airs of the Drakensberg; neither wealth nor dense population has a tendency to produce the finest individuals; but it is in the north-east of southern Africa that wealth, dense population, and great cities will first arise. At the present moment southern Africa turns itself towards the opening up of these lands with a passionate intensity of sympathy such as has never moved before. If we wish to understand the view taken in South Africa of the opening up of these lands, it is necessary to turn back from the Africa of to-day to the Europe of the sixteenth century, when the hearts of men and women were turned towards a new world, and each man who crossed the seas carried with him the hearts and thoughts of the thousands who remained, and who could never see or hope to see the new lands. There is no explanation to be given of these sudden movements of entire peoples in a given direction. A Columbus leads the way, and all follow.

Not only are the South Africans not of one national variety (a fact not surprising when the extent of our country is taken into consideration); not only do we belong to the most distinct branches of the human family to be found anywhere at present on the surface of the globe, representing distinct stages in human gravity; from the Bushman with his small, ape-like body, sloping forehead, and primitive domestic habits, to the nineteenth-century Englishman fresh from Oxford, with the latest views on social and political development, and delicate, æsthetic percep-

tions; but we are a blend of these astonishingly diverse types. We are not a collection of small and, though closely contiguous, distinct peoples; but we are a more or less homogeneous mass of heterogeneous social particles in different stages of development and of cohesion with one another.

It is this fact which lies at the core of the social and political problem of South Africa, and which makes it the most complex and difficult, and at the same time the most interesting, with which a State has ever had to deal.

To grasp our unique condition more clearly, it will be well to take a blank map of South Africa, and to pass over the entire map from east to west, from north to south, from the Zambesi to Cape Town, from Walfisch Bay to Kafirland, a coating of dark paint, lighter in the west to represent the yellow-tinted Bushmen, Hottentots, and half-caste native races, and darker, mounting up to the deepest black, in the extreme east, to represent the vast numbers of the black-skinned Bantu to be found there. From no part of the map, from no spot so large that a pin's point might be set down there, will this layer of paint representing the aboriginal native races be absent; it will be darker here and lighter there, but always present. If now we wish to represent the earliest European element, the Boer or Dutch-Huguenot, we shall have to pass over the whole map lines and dots of blue paint, thicker in some parts, scarcer in others, but hardly anywhere entirely absent. And if we now wish to represent the English element we shall have again to pass over the entire map, from the Zambesi to Cape Agulhas, a fine layer of red paint, thinner here, thicker there, but never wholly absent. If we add a few insignificant dots on the extreme east coast, to represent the Portuguese, our racial map will be complete.

Looking at it, the first thing which must strike us is that, varied as the coloring is, there is no mark of clearly defined division anywhere. No line can be drawn which will separate the colors one from another. The darkest patch of red may be in the north, where the Transvaal lies, but then there are others almost as dark in the south; the blue color may be most prevalent at the extreme end, but it is also in the north; the dark tone is everywhere visible; the colors are blended everywhere, like the tints in a well-shot Turkey carpet; they cannot be separated. But should we wish really to grasp the com-

plexity of the South African problem, it will be necessary to go further, and across a homogeneous and heterogeneous mass of colors to draw with ink faint lines, at all angles and in all directions, to represent the existing State boundaries. If now we look about the map the first thing that will strike us is the fact that boundaries run in no instance continuously with the shades of coloring. If a few of the very smallest, dark-colored patches are excepted, the ink-lines seem to have no relation to the coloring of the map, but to run across it in every direction, cutting solid masses of color into parts, and making no effort to combine the same shades.

Studying this fact will make clear to us the second most important factor in the South African problem. Let us take the Cape Colony, the oldest, best organized, and most important of our States. It is an English colony with its own form of responsible government; its population may be roughly set down at a million and a half. Of this the million consists of native races, largely of Kafirs, Hottentots, Chuanas, all of whom are much more closely bound by ties of blood, language, and custom to native peoples of their own type beyond its borders, than to most of their fellow colonists. Of the half-million whites probably half are of English extraction, and half are Dutch-Huguenot; but not even these are more closely related to their fellow colonists, black and white, than they are to thousands of the inhabitants of the neighboring states to whom they are drawn by bonds of race, religion, language, and personal kinship.

The Transvaal Republic is supposed to represent the Dutch-Huguenot nationality, yet it does so less than the Cape Colony represents the English. Its largest town, Johannesburg, is the most purely and enthusiastically English city in South Africa; its gigantic native population is absolutely identical with the large native populations across its borders in Natal and Zululand. Its Dutch-Huguenots are more closely related in religion, race, language, and tradition to thousands of the inhabitants of the Free State and Cape Colony, than to the mass of their fellow Transvaalers. The Paarl, in the Cape Colony, is more typically Dutch-Huguenot than any place in the Dutch republics. The Vaal River between the Free State and Transvaal, the Orange River between the Free State and Cape Colony, are regarded as natural boundaries; on both sides of these lines lie men identical in race, religion, language,

and customs, and the line is as purely fictitious as that which divides two fiscal divisions. Natal is an English colony, but the large majority of its inhabitants are one with the native races across the border, and its English inhabitants differ no further from their English cousins and brothers who may have settled in the Cape or Johannesburg, than they would have done if they had still been living in neighboring London streets. The only states in South Africa which have the smallest claim to be regarded as national are certain of the native states, such as that of the Matabele or Basutos, where a more or less homogeneous people do inhabit a given tract. But these states are exactly those which cannot possibly survive. Apart from any nefarious desires or actions on the part of the white man, the mere material and mental condition of civilization, when suddenly brought into contact with a savage people, must inevitably dissolve them.

It may be said that there are no states in South Africa whose boundaries represent deep-lying racial conditions, but rather mere fiscal and parochial divisions. All the conditions on which unity of national life depends cross and re-cross their boundaries in every direction. Race, language, religion, kinship, all militate against homogeneity. But not yet have we grasped the full complexity and difficulty of our South African question. Not only do the South Africans exist everywhere in superimposed layers of differing races, not only are our political states composed of a mingling of all our peoples, but in our households, our families, and very persons we are blended. There is probably not a civilized roof in South Africa which covers people of only one nationality; as a rule they are of three or four. We take a typical Cape household before us at the moment; the father is English, the mother half Dutch and half French Huguenot, with a French name, the children sharing three nationalities; the governess is a Scotchwoman, the cook a Zulu, the housemaid half Hottentot and half Dutch, the kitchen girl half Dutch and half slave, the stable boy a Kafir, and the little girl who waits at table a Basuto. This household is a type of thousands of others to be found everywhere throughout Africa. If a homely and crude illustration may be allowed, the peoples of South Africa resemble the ingredients of a pudding when they are in the process of being stirred together in a basin: plums, eggs, wine, flour, and water. To hope to re-sort

them is vain; for good or for evil, the mixture is made; they have so permeated each other's substance that again to re-sort them is impossible, however much we may wish it. We can only go on further.

Looking, then, at South Africa as a whole, the thought forces itself on us: "Are the South Africans fated forever to remain an inchoate, shapeless mass of human particles, politically split up into artificial states, severed from each other by lines of racial scorn and opposition, and devoid of that national existence which is the matrix in which alone the full development of the individual takes place?" We believe that no man can impartially study the social and political condition of the South Africa of to-day without coming to the conclusion that there is one, and only one, form of healthful national organization open to us. Across the face of the whole map of South Africa there is no line which can be drawn which would stand for a healthy, natural line of division; it would be a line dividing homogeneous substances, not uniting them. There is one form, and one only, of crystallization possible to us — we must form one large, united whole. This is at once simpler and easier than would be the organization of any division alone; and this alone can give us the power of dealing with our subtler internal difficulties. South African unity is not the dream of the visionary and the enthusiast; it is not even like that splendid vision of the first Napoleon of a unified Europe, which failed because dreamed five hundred years before its time; it is a condition the necessity for which is daily and hourly forced upon us by the practical needs of life; it is the one possible course which offers any solution of our social and political difficulties; it is the one course open to us. It is for this unity that all great men born in South Africa will be compelled to labor during the next sixty years; it must precede the production of anything great and beautiful by our people as a whole. Neither art, nor science, nor literature, nor state-craft will flourish among us as long as we remain in our inchoate, divided form.

For the moment the most pressing and absorbing aspect of this union is the combination of our artificial and jarring political states into a harmonious political whole. It is a change many men now living will probably see accomplished; and so ripe is the time for it, and so obvious the necessity for it, that it may be with us before the decade is out. No man can study closely the conditions of

the South Africa of to-day and the forces that are at work upon it without the conviction being forced upon him that within the next thirty years at least there will exist in South Africa a great central government, the embodiment of the united political aspirations and desires of the people; that our State divisions will be relegated to the performance of their normal and valuable function of internal sub-government.

But there is another aspect of the question of union more subtle and more vital, though for the moment less obtrusive. A central government, political unity, customs union, a common treasury, are but the shell in which the vital unity must be contained if South Africa is ever to become not simply a large, but a great and progressive nation.

The question which surpasses all others in importance to us, is, "Can we make of our opposed and conflicting races a socially harmonious and united whole?" If we cannot so organize our conflicting elements, that should a foreign foe land on South African shores, and six men were left to defend them — two of English, two of Dutch, and two of native extraction — if those six men would not stand shoulder to shoulder fighting for their land — then, however large, rich, populous South Africa may become, we shall never be able to look free, united peoples in the face.

In past ages empires have existed which were founded on racial division, hatred, and contention. Of this type were all the great States of antiquity — Greece, Assyria, Rome, Egypt, and many of the more modern world. They have all passed; but for a time they were all able to maintain themselves against States of like construction with themselves, only falling when they came into contact with freer or more united peoples.

In the twentieth century it will not be possible for a State constructed after the model of the ancient world to attain to greatness even for a time. In an age in which the nations of the civilized world are, with Titanic efforts, shaping rafts with which to shoot those rapids down which race after race, and civilization after civilization have disappeared; and will shoot them and appear below them free and united peoples; if the South Africa of the future is to remain eaten internally by race hatreds, a film of culture and intelligence spread over seething masses of ignorance and brutality, inter-support and union being wholly lacking; then, though it may be our misfortune rather than our

crime, we shall have to take the back place among the nations. In art, in science, in material inventions, in the discovery of larger and more satisfactory modes of conducting human life, they will surpass us.

The problem of South Africa, "How shall these two modes of union be attained?" is a problem so complex, so vast, so beset with difficulties, that it may be said that no European nation has during the last eight hundred years had to face anything approaching it in complexity and difficulty. To find any analogy to it, we must go back as far as the England of Alfred, when divided Saxons and invading Danes were the elements out of which organic unity had to be constructed. But there is an element in our problem which no European nation has ever had to face, and which no migratory part of a European race has ever had to deal with in exactly the form in which it meets us. Our race question is complicated by a question of color, which has to be faced in an age which does not allow of the old methods in dealing with alien and inferior peoples. In South Africa the nineteenth century is brought face to face with a prehistoric world.

To understand the difficulty of our problem, to grasp the nature of the obstructions which lie in our path to union, our crying need for it, and the ground we have for hope, it will be well to examine more closely, as I propose to do in my next article, the different races of which we are composed, and finally to glance briefly at some of the conditions and individuals that are at the present moment influencing the future of South Africa.

A RETURNED SOUTH AFRICAN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO.

SOME forty minutes before reaching Venice the express from Trieste and Udine passes the village of Maroco, — as any doubting traveller may verify by consulting his old, well-thumbed copy of the official "Indicatore delle Ferrovie per l'Alta Italia." But few trains stop at that insignificant platform. The station-master spends long, leisurely days between his beans, his tasselled maize, and the flaunting hollyhocks of his garden, undisturbed for hours at a time by any summons from a busier world. Now and then an old peasant woman rattles past with her milk-cans, or her load of fresh-cut grass, goad-

ing her donkey up the poplar-bordered road. There is scarce any other traffic. Indeed, there is nothing to distinguish Morocco, at first sight, from a hundred other such leafy hamlets scattered about that green and level country. If the place leave any impression at all upon the traveller's mind (already alert and a-tune for Venice) it can only be an impression of greenness and long continuance; a passing glimpse of humble, ancient houses; brown roofs, unimportant and enduring as the village fortunes which they shelter. And yet, for all this show of peace, here, too, there have been changes. Morocco hath had losses. The old fields lie out under the sky much in the old way; but the train puffing past clanks and jolts heavily across the very turn in the brook where the prince's white oxen trooped to drink in the cool of the evening. The strip of turf on which the station-house is built was long the prince's favorite bowling-green; yet there is not a fragment of boundary-wall, not a vestige of carved stone left to show where stood the finest mansion of the place and time; for I hesitate to attribute undue importance to the local tradition which gives the name of Prince Ferdinand's Castle to a half-ruined farmhouse (a low, grey building of rough stone) standing on a slight, grassy eminence above the road. It is the same authority which claims that the fresco still dimly glorifying the stable front (a piece of work in very tolerable preservation when one considers its age, and clearly identified by many generations of village priests as the "Dancing Daughter of Herodias") is in fact nothing else than the likeness of a young Jewess whom the prince had met with shortly before his famous and infelicitous visit to Belmont.

I quote the legend for what it is worth. It is always interesting in a way, as an example of the fashion in which some turn or mischance in a man's life will strike the public fancy, to stick there like a burr long after all that the man himself held for important in his experience lies buried with him, as forgotten as the place of his grave. And for the antiquary the tale has the additional merit of preserving the old title of Prince of Morocco, or Prince of Morocco, as the name was diversely spelled; a dignity which had its origin solely in the popular imagination.

For (as the latest historical research has now proved to us beyond all cavil), despite the lordly appellation by which he was universally addressed, and by which, with the reader's permission and for the sake

of greater clearness, we will continue to designate him, Prince Ferdinand of Morocco was but the only surviving son of a bold and successful trader; a man himself of mean birth, whose very considerable wealth was amassed in a series of desperate mercantile adventures, chiefly along the seacoast of Bohemia. Many of these exploits can only have escaped the name of piracy by reason of their extreme remoteness; yet the results were golden. And these same results, looming larger still in the popular mind, had long since won for their latest owner his princely nickname. He had borne it for so many years now that it had grown to sit easily upon him, like an old doublet; and yet it was by force of circumstance rather than by premeditation, more by good luck than good-will, that Prince Ferdinand found himself at three-and-twenty years old sole master of all his father's violently acquired wealth; living in peace in the green old homestead, where that worthy buccaneer had planned to end his own stormy days, and where the safe domestic walls were still hung with strange, warlike weapons of foreign use and make. Odd articles, too, of a ship's gear gave a salty smack of adventure to the sober farmhouse furnishings. The horse-block by the door was built of rare island wood, and had once made part of the cargo of a stout Venetian argosy homeward bound from Tripoli. There were rich, faded silks, and stamped leather from Spain, to hang along the walls; and tapestry enough stored in the dusty garrets to have decked the old house in bravery from eaves to foundation stone, if such had been the young heir's pleasure.

It was an authority he held by purest accident. The youngest of three brothers, with no mother known to him by name, he had been left at home to grow up among the farm dogs and horses, with very little more care, or more prospect in life, than they. Had it not been for the example, the exhortation, the partial authority of Father Fabrizio, his confessor, it is doubtful indeed if the young prince could even technically have avowed himself a Christian. It was the priest then who looked to all such matters, who punctually collected tithe, who examined with practised eye the accounts of the intendant, and, being in truth the only clerk among them, kept up such desultory communications with the adventurers of the Bohemian coast as the time and the men he had to deal with rendered possible. It was, finally, the good priest himself who brought to the lad the news of his inherit-

ance. The first tidings of such a change were carried to the presbytery by a mendicant friar making his way across the country to his convent in Murano, by Venice city; and a day or two later brought confirmation of his tale, and the visit of no less a personage than the late owner's chief mate and right-hand man—one Messer Alessandrio of Chioggia, and as great a cut-throat and ruffian as ever set sail for a prize.

How this worthy ancient had settled in his own mind to finish his days in comfort and idleness beside his old commander's son; how for weeks he flattered the lad, drank with him, gamed with him, affected to treat him as an equal in every form of wickedness, and, in a word, fooled him to the top of his bent, while the quiet priest looked on; how the new-comer parted, bit by bit, with every item of his precious information (being an eye-witness both to the old captain's death, and to that strange, sudden seizure of the heart which had carried off the two elder brothers in one and the same hour), and how, having listened, observed, and waited, the urbane ecclesiastic had found his moment and bowed the bully and braggart to the door,—all these are matters which need not detain us now. While the dice were falling and the flushed young simpleton calling out for more wine, the priest and the pirate had played their own little game for higher stakes than ever showed upon the table. And Father Fabrizio having won the rubber, helped himself to a modest pinch of snuff and reflected further.

The reflections of blameless men are apt to travel slowly. By the time Father Fabrizio had fairly settled his formula two years or more had slipped away, and his old pupil had left boyhood far behind him. He stood there now, a dark-skinned, taciturn, heavily built young man, with no other good looks about him than such as arise naturally from unbroken health and a very unusual share of physical vigor. Oddly enough, he was rather averse than otherwise to making a display of this extraordinary strength of muscle. On any point which touched himself personally he was wild and shy as an unbroken colt; yet doubtless it was the consciousness of so much reserved force which lay at the root of certain fits of frantic, childish boasting which now and then broke out from him and clashed upon his general attitude of reserve. In temper he was at once passionate and reticent. There slumbered in his blood a sluggish and fiery strain which under other guardianship

might have promised mischief. And here showed plainly the result of the good priest's forethought. For, arrived at man's estate, and master of the largest fortune in the country-side, the young prince answered to his master's call like a child, like one of his own dogs. There was indeed something curiously childish about him still; ignorant, sensitive, proud, vindictive, affectionate, he required as careful handling and humoring at moments as a peevish girl. He had no friends, and from pride or shyness made no efforts to associate with the youth of the place, though he clung with almost more than a child's faith to the man who had brought him up. He had never, even for half a day, imagined himself in love. Such, at three-and-twenty years of age, was Prince Ferdinand of Morocco. For the last six months the young man had rarely clapped eyes upon his guardian without being greeted with some short, pithy exposition or homily upon the advantages of a rich marriage; and on one dull afternoon in April, when for the nonce the past winter seemed set upon returning, when the young leaves shook drearily in the dry, teasing wind and the dark sky was fretted with sudden gusts of hail and cold rain, the indefatigable priest seemed to have toiled up the hill from the village through the wild weather with no other purpose than to impress this lesson upon his late pupil's mind more fully. As he sat in the chimney-nook, his black skirts pulled up over his knees, his wet buckled shoes steaming before the fire, the good man's even voice made a little monotonous rivulet of sound in the great, bare, leather-hung *sala*, and dribbled on and on through the dusk with almost the continuousness of the rain. For with the fading of the daylight the night had set in wet.

"And consider, my son," Father Fabrizio repeated with soft persistency, "my good lad, do but consider that in doing as I bid you you are but carrying out the expressed wishes, not to say the commands, of my late patron, your excellent father, and may the holy St. Nicholas of Tolentino have his erring soul in mercy,—amen! There was not, I may say, a dearer project to his mind. The lady's father and your own were closest friends in youth. It is true that they took to different forms of commerce," the priest added with a short cough, "but let that flea stick i' the wall. They had been friends; and 'tis a noble estate; a virtuous and noble lady."

"I hate women," said the prince.

"I am told," replied the ecclesiastic smoothly, "that the lady is very fair."

For all answer the young man snapped his fingers, and at the signal every dog in the room opened its eyes or lifted its head, and one noble old hound rose slowly from his place among the rushes on the floor, and thrust a cool, damp nose into his master's outstretched hand.

"Good old dog! Besides, — you taught me to hate 'em yourself," said the prince.

The priest folded his fingers together softly inside his long hanging sleeves. "My son, we are taught many things, many things in our raw youth. There came a young signor here once from Venice who vowed she has looked like sunshine — like a golden fleece. I have heard that he was not the only one to find this so. Many Jasons come in search of her."

"I know her name is Portia; you told me that yourself. She lives at Belmont. I never knew any man called Jason. I had a bitch puppy once called Medea, but she died in the distemper," says the prince, yawning heavily.

"Her name is Portia, — sunny-locked young Portia. You yourself were but a child, playing about this very room we sit in, the day your father heard the news of her birth. He swore then that since it had pleased the saints to send him three lusty sons, and to his old rival but this one frail daughter, it should go hard but one of his fine boys should have the handling of the money and the girl. I have heard him repeat the oath a hundred times after dinner, good man! And if any one of you had chanced to please him, — *What! backed the young horse that all my knaves are shy of? How now, beaten the groom? quotha. Tush! bully boy, thou shalt grow up, so thou shalt, and wed me Mistress Portia, quotha.* 'Twas his thought day and night; he was always at it. When men told him of the three caskets and the old man's device against fortune-hunters, — *Three caskets?* says he, *Ay, and my three sons to set against 'em.* — It would have gone hard," said the priest, "but he had had the fingering of the Belmont moneys, an' he had lived."

"And suppose that I and my two brothers, — rest their souls! — had each gone in turn and each chosen the wrong casket? What then? And all for the sake of making sport for a yellow-haired madam. Am I not her equal in birth — in breeding — in fortune? Shall I be afraid of my own deserving? 'Twere damnation to think so basely, master priest, and so I tell you." He flung one hand up in

the air, scowling darkly. "And then, — there is an oath to be sworn as well," he said in a different voice.

"Ay!" said the priest, "a solemn oath."

"Not that I should mind the oath. I am no marryer; not I!" said the prince. "God save us from the women, say I."

Then in an instant the expression of his face altered to a look of keenest attention. "Who comes here? I hear horses on the lower road. Who comes so late?" he asked, turning around in his chair.

"Nay," said Don Fabrizio, "it is the rain spitting against the window. But, concerning that same oath —"

"I tell you I hear voices," says the prince.

"— true, if you fail in this matter of the guessing you are bound never to speak to other lady in the way of marriage. But what then? If it jump with your humor not to wed, but to leave your fortune to swell the coffers of our Holy Mother Church, why then, indeed, my son, I —"

"Look at the dogs!" cried the prince.

"Are there masques in the town, good father? I have not heard old Jezebel give tongue so clearly since last bear-baiting at Easter. Down, old girl! Quiet, good dogs, I tell you!"

With two strides he crossed the room and flung the door wide open upon the black and dripping night. A gust of wind and rain rushed in on the instant, scattering the ashes on the hearth-stone and whipping the smouldering red embers into a flame which went blazing and crackling up the huge square chimney. "Now whoever you be, come in out of the night in God's name," cried the prince heartily. As he stepped back to let two dark, heavily cloaked figures pass by him into the shelter of the firelit room some sudden fancy struck him. "And I pray you not to judge the quality of our welcome by the yelping of our country-bred curs," he added, with a new and marked courtesy of demeanor, which the taller of the two strangers instantly acknowledged with the finest air in the world; explaining how he and his young companion had lost their guide and then their way, and bowing his acceptance of Prince Ferdinand's eager hospitality with an ease of manner and an apparent habit of the best society which sadly embarrassed his young host.

The prince indeed seemed entirely to have lost his head over this sudden social emergency. He was in and out of the room a dozen times in as many minutes, calling for grooms to take the strangers' horses, for lights, for more fire, for supper,

with all the cordiality that youth and curiosity and the shy, exaggerated friendliness born of a lonely life could suggest. The priest, too, had bidden the travellers a grave welcome; but while the elder and leader of the pair was elaborately apologizing for the abruptness of their entrance, his reverence's watchful eye had remained fixed with a certain cold persistency upon the younger stranger. This was a slightly built lad of perhaps seventeen, who kept his cloak about him and wore a fantastic velvet cap pulled low down on his eyes over his black curls. It must be owned that he bore the priest's scrutiny but indifferently well, twisting himself about on his stool where he sat before the fire; repulsing the dog's rough advances with a somewhat faltering touch of a very white hand and every now and then throwing a glance of mingled defiance and appeal over his shoulder at the preoccupied face of his friend.

At last, and as Jezebel's attacks grew more pressing, "Ah, Lorenzo, good Lorenzo, call away the dogs! The great ugly beast would sure eat me!" the page cried out in a voice half between crying and laughter; a voice which made the priest start again, and cross himself, and look more closely.

"Hullo! what pretty puppet have we here? The poor dogs won't hurt you, boy. Down, Jess!" said the prince, smiling. "What, puppies, must I take a whip again to the pack of you? It is not yourself, boy, but what you carry under your cloak that they would worry," the young man added carelessly.

"Ay! 'tis the monkey. I told you how it would be if you brought that monkey with you, sweetheart. What! cheer up, pretty Jessica! Never cry at a word. She gave away the ring off her finger for the shivering little beast only a week ago, at Genoa. By my faith! I would give just another such a turquoise to the man who would rid me of the ape," called out the elder traveller, and turned to his host with a frank, good-humored laugh.

"She?" says the prince, with a stare.

"She—he—little Jessica—my torch-bearer."

"The times are troubled. If you are making for Venice there are many broken men, disbanded soldiers, common thieves and what not, to be met with along the road. Your—sister does wisely to wear such a dress while you travel alone," observed the priest, leaning back in his chair with a quiet smile. "I have a cousin, a worthy merchant, one Messer Salanio—"

He pressed his finger-tips together and kept his eyes on the fire.

"To Venice? Oh, we are not going back to Venice," cried out the pretty page in vast alarm, clasping his white hands and springing to his feet with a bound. The great muffling horseman's cloak fell in a heap to the floor; the monkey clung, chattering and scolding, to his mistress's gaudy doublet. "Lorenzo! if there be faith in man you are not taking me back to Venice? I am a Christian! I am no Jewess now! *You* will not send me back?" she cried breathless, and panted, and sprang to the prince's side, looking, imploring, into the young man's startled face.

"Now sit down, sit down, good Jessica. Now here's a coil! Faith! If I had meant to pass her off as my torch-bearer for long I should have had to teach my tongue to keep truer measure. I do not know how it is," said Lorenzo, turning to the priest, "but having spent my substance it would seem I am an unthrift still in words."

"It is a common failing," observed Father Fabrizio benignly.

"You will not let them send me back!" sobbed pretty Jessica.

"I let any one touch you?—not for twenty thousand brothers!" said the prince.

"Sir!" cried Lorenzo, starting up and clapping his hand to his side.

Prince Ferdinand, too, had risen to his feet. "Don't cry, pretty lady," he said, and flushed red all over his face. "What! do you think I am afraid of that tall fellow's bare bodkin? Let him keep his steel to earn his dinner. I tell you a whole army of brothers with swords shall not carry you one inch towards Venice, while I am here and you say no to the going. Look at that arm! Look at that fist! Touch it; feel it; don't be afraid. I am the strongest man in all the country. I think very likely I am the strongest man in all the world," the young giant said simply. "If he were not your own brother, just to show you, I could break the backs of half-a-dozen like *him*," he said, and laughed.

Jessica's long-fringed eyes were quite dry now. She looked from one man to the other and watched their faces and held her breath with a kind of soft, guilty pleasure. "Sir," began the Venetian once more. His voice turned to dust in his throat. Twice he had to pause and moisten his dry lips with his tongue. "You gave us hospitality," cried Lorenzo. "Now

heaven grant me patience! You have made us welcome. Hell and fury! Sir, if you loose not my — my — that lady's hand —"

"What then?" asked the prince, and laughed.

It wanted but another half minute and the two were at each other's throat like dogs. But while they yet hesitated, and drew deep, choking breaths, and glared at one another with fixed eyes, of a sudden Jessica had given a low, liquid cry and run in between them. "But, good Lorenzo — Fie, fie, my lord! so strong and you would frighten a woman! But, Lorenzo! — indeed, indeed," said the girl, pouting her lips, "it was the monkey who began it all. I'll never ask you to buy me another pet, Lorenzo." And she stood there, smiling, panting, pressing them apart with her white, childish fingers. "It was all the monkey, my poor little monkey and your bad, angry dogs," she repeated, and drooped her long eyelashes over her dark, glowing eyes. And the monkey clung there, gibbering and scolding upon her delicate shoulder; the changeful firelight shone and danced on every tag and glistening buckle of her pretty, fantastic dress.

All this while the priest had never moved a finger or a muscle. He sat with his knees to the fire and stared at the points of his own shoes; but now he lifted up his quiet voice without turning. "My daughter," quoth Father Fabrizio, "that was very well spoken; Christian or Jewess, you have spoken the right word. For what is man who forgets himself but surly dog, or evil ape alive for mischief? Truly, my old eyes have looked upon many miserable failures of virtuous promise, but never before to-night did I witness warmer welcome turn more quickly to cold steel. Never before have I heard host insult guest across this old table, which is even now spread for the kindly meal they are to share in common. And never," said the priest, raising his voice, "never, until this day, did I, or did any man, touch the limit of hospitality between the four walls of this old house."

The prince hung his head. "I was wrong," he said huskily.

He saw Jessica's eye watching him, and the blood leapt to his cheeks and darkened all his swarthy visage. "There, bear no malice, man. There's my hand on't," he said with evident effort; and would have taken the other's gloved fingers into his own great brown palm, but that Lorenzo drew back, muttering, "I am no friend to

saucy priests. There has been over much already to-night of this giving of hands," the Venetian declared, scowling in his beard.

"I have a cousin," observed Father Fabrizio in a milder voice, "one worthy Messer Salanio, an excellent gentleman, and much about the duke's person. He often favors his poor country kinsman with news of Venice, such as would escape us otherwise. And even lately —"

The two strangers exchanged a quick and somewhat anxious glance. "I know Salanio, that is, I have seen him often. A worthy gentleman, indeed," said Lorenzo hastily, "and no sworn enemy to good living. In my place he would have long since asked leave to break bread with our good host; ay, and to pledge you in a glass of your own wine, my lord," the nimble-witted Venetian added smoothly.

Yet as they all drew in their chairs to supper he was perhaps the first to be aware that never once did the prince remove his fixed eyes from their study of pretty Jessica's mocking, downcast face. On the other hand it was certain he made no smallest attempt to speak to her. Only his eyes followed her without cessation. Once, when a cold blast down the wide chimney made the girl shiver and draw in her shoulders beneath her thin boy's doublet, then the prince was on his feet without a word. He left the table and walked over to an old press which stood between the windows, and stood there for a moment or two rummaging among the shelves while the other men sat in their places and watched him behind his back. Presently he faced around again, and in his hand was a red silk scarf or handkerchief, a piece of rich Eastern stuff shot with gold and embroidered along the edge with fine seed-pearls. "It is cold," the young man said, and dropped the silk in passing on Jessica's knee and went back to his own seat at the head of the board.

But the girl cried out at the beauty of the fabric, and passed it lovingly through her fingers, and then glanced over at Lorenzo and flung the silken web down upon the table. "It was made for a princess to wear, for the duke's lady, not for a poor girl only just a Christian," she protested, pouting. Then she gazed at it again and her fingers twitched. "It is cold!"

"My mother brought it away with her from the court of the dey of Algiers. She was a Barbary slave from the country nearest to the sun, when my father saw

her and stole her. And she stole *that*," the prince said simply.

"A black slave, my lord? Oh!" says the Jew's daughter, tossing her curly head.

And then, within five minutes, she had twisted the sumptuous trifle about her shoulders, and sat there fingering her wine-glass and looking down, conscious and smiling. The red silk lay close about her white throat; the flaming Eastern hues burned like flame under her pale, smooth, Oriental cheek. Prince Ferdinand never moved his eyes away from her face.

"Do you like jewels — gold?" he asked abruptly.

And then Shylock's heiress lifted up her wonderful long eyes, and saw Lorenzo sitting opposite, very black and stern, and the mild-faced priest watching her. "Gold? Oh, I remember an evening once in Genoa with a friend — we spent four-score ducats one night at a sitting. He swore — one that was there — it was not the money that gave the occasion its richest price. But I have heard my father preach that young men steal maiden's souls with many vows of faith," she said softly, "with many vows of faith and ne'er a true one."

"So you *do* care for gold. I am glad," said the prince; and the blood was in his face in an instant.

The dawn of another day was breaking, the clear, still, fresh April dawn, before Father Fabrizio had fairly succeeded in putting out of his mind the memory of the smile, the glance, the tone, with which those last words had been spoken. All night long, as he tossed and twisted upon his bed, the priest had been racked and mocked by a new fear which would never let him rest. "To have brought him up all these years, watched over him as over my own son, and to lose all for a girl — for a girl clad like a strolling player — a girl and a monkey!" he groaned over and over to himself a thousand times; and in the impotent violence of his disappointment he beat with both fists against the wall nearest his bed. To have watched, waited, plotted, succeeded, — and all for this! The thing was intolerable. Had he not foreseen everything? But no man could foresee this. It was witchcraft, — plain, damnable witchcraft. And in the dark corners of his room he seemed to hear something move; he could see the withered, mysterious face of the ape, see the beast grinning at him in shadowy derision across its mistress's shoulder, and his blood ran cold about his heart. "*Retro*,

Sathanas! get thee behind me, Satan! Beelzebub! fit and evil plaything for the old Jew's daughter! To have brought him up all these years and to lose him for such as this! The finest youth, the richest fortune, and oh, the dearest lad!" the old priest sighed heavily.

For twenty years the childless man had been hardening his heart against this child of his adoption. For twenty years he had strengthened and tested day by day his power over the growing boy. Without one thought of pity he had sentenced the young man to a youth without companions, and established his own speculations upon the wants of that affectionate, lonely heart. For twenty years, without a break, he had kept his quiet gaze fixed on the old buccaneer's ill-acquired fortune. To acquire it in turn, to govern it, to handle all those moneys had become a necessity in Father Fabrizio's life. It was his fixed idea, his persuasion. When the old man died he had thanked God. The two elder sons had been hurled out of life in an instant; and the priest had felt that heaven was working on his side. The project of marrying Ferdinand to the heiress of Belmont, with all its chances of defeat; and behind that defeat the protecting oath against other women, — this plan had come to the man of God like a direct inspiration from above. He had thought of it, dreamt of it, worked for it. And now, in a night, behold! the long, laborious scheming of all his life lay there broken, futile, defeated, a thing for children to scoff at. "*So you do care for gold? I am glad!* Ah, fool, fool, fool!" the old man cried out in the darkness.

And withal his heart ached for the boy. Those two white hands that already had their childish fingers close shut upon all that money, would they shut less tight upon a foolish lad's trusting heart? "Fool! oh, fool, fool, fool!" the old man sighed drearily, and turned and twisted upon his bed in the dark night.

So when the dawn broke, the clear April dawn, he had not yet closed his hot eyes in sleep; but lay there, heavily thinking, when a voice roused him, calling his name beneath the barred and shuttered window.

It was the prince with his dogs; and across one shoulder he carried a young fruit-tree plucked up by the root, covered with thick, pale blossom and as big in the stem as a man's wrist. But in his other hand he held a folded bit of paper. "Come down and speak to me, good father!" he cried, and his voice rang joyous and loud in the still morning.

But when the priest had gone silently down to him (stepping with a great shiver into the crisp, new air, out of that melancholy, stuffy little box of a room) it was as if all the young man's assurance had dropped away from him; and he laughed and stammered and grew red in the face and would not speak his errand, but tried to talk of other things, like a girl.

"Good Father Fabrizio, come up with me to the house. I will show you something when we get there," he entreated. And then he looked up at the young apple-tree he was carrying and shook it, so that many of the blossoms fell upon the dewy grass; and he looked down at them and laughed aloud. "I plucked it up by its root with a single strain. It looked so white," he said, "and so sweet, growing out there beside the brook in the darkness. I could not sleep! Have you slept, good father? After midnight the rain was over, but it was a cloudy night. The brooks are swollen; you could hear them running, far off, under the trees. Before the light came they were making a sound like singing."

"And you carry those flowers to that heathen woman?" said the priest.

"Ah!" cried the young man, drawing in a long, long breath of the buoyant morning air. And he threw up his hand, the hand with the letter in it, and his dull eyes shone out like living jewels from his dark, impassive face.

"I thought you hated women?" the other continued bitterly.

It was a weak thing to say, but he was a broken and a beaten man, and he knew it. And his head ached for lack of sleep, and all his person looked old and haggard and disappointed as he crawled up the hill towards the manor-house, and every now and then turned his head and stole a look at the young conqueror stalking on at his side.

"I thought I hated them too," the lad said simply, "and she came. And what else is there? Why, all night long I have been playing the watchman for her sake. I walked in the wet, dark fields, and the stars came out, and the moon, and all night long my heart has been living in her breast."

Then he looked down at his hand. "I cannot read it," he said, "but I know she has not been sleeping this night. For when I wandered back to the house, before the first dawn, this paper was lying thrust under my door, on the threshold of my chamber. If she placed it there herself" — he looked up into the priest's

white face, and his voice broke off into a glad, inarticulate murmur. "But I cannot read it. I am no clerk, not I. Why did you never teach me to read my letters, good Father Fabrizio?" asked the prince.

They were entering under the great gateway of the courtyard as he spoke, and already the first rays of the rising sun were turning to pink all the little floating, fleecy clouds overhead.

"Give me the letter," said his pale companion.

He broke the seal deliberately (the other standing beside him and watching his face like a dog), and all of an instant the whole attitude and expression of the man were different. "This is not — not from the heathen woman," he said briefly. His eye glistened and ran down the page, two burning spots of red glowed on either thin, hollow cheek.

"Not from her?"

"Lorenzo writes this to you."

"Lorenzo? Oh! her brother. The tedious city fool! And I to think she was asking me for something!" called out the prince peevishly, and flung himself down in a rage on the horse-block before the door.

"He writes this *To His Unknown Host*," said the priest; and his voice quavered with some suppressed emotion.

"To my Unknown Kind Host: As there might be too great a kindness kindled did we stay longer, I pray your merciful indulgence and thus churlishly depart, taking with me my young wife, for whose disguise, as for the calling of her 'sister,' I can plead naught but necessity, and the prudence which fortune seemed to enjoin."

Then followed minute after minute of a dead silence.

"He signs himself *The Fate-constrained and grateful Lorenzo*," said the priest. But his voice shook now with a new feeling, and he did not dare lift his eyes to where the young man sat motionless, and let his hands hang, and stared at the rising sun.

In the new golden light all the birds in the country-side were singing. And now one of the stable-helpers came out of a door hard by, and crossed the yard to see after his horses. One of the dogs ran after him, but the other only followed for a step or two, and then came back and laid his great paw on his master's knee, and pushed his nose into the young man's face. And then the priest felt something rise like a hard lump in his throat, and his

heart turned sick and his lips twitched, and he could not bear the mere sight of the dumb anguish that was bringing him the very golden victory he had prayed for through all the scheming years. And step by step he crept nearer to the horse-block until the skirt of his long black gown brushed against the dogs, and he laid his hand timidly upon his pupil's shoulder. "Ferdinand," he said, "Ferdinand, my son."

The prince seemed scarcely to hear him at first. "What do you want?" he asked, and looked up with dull eyes.

"My kinsman Salanio, worthy Salanio, wrote to me of a young Jewess who has lately fled with her lover from Venice, bearing much of her father's treasure about her. And the robbed father vows vengeance; he holds a bond, Salanio tells me, upon one Signor Antonio, a merchant of Venice——"

"Ay, you know the story. I've believed in you and trusted you, Father Fabrizio, since I was a little fellow that could hardly speak your name. But you knew the story all the while. *She* knew it. When she laid her hands—so—upon my arm, and looked up into my face—so—she knew it. You all knew it—all of you," said the prince, and hung his head in bitter silence.

"Ferdinand"—began the priest.

And then, of a sudden, it seemed as if ten devils had waked in the old buccaneering blood to set a heart aflame. The prince sprang to his feet. His dark face was blackened with passion until his features grew thick like a negro's, and the veins on his forehead rose, knotted themselves, and stood out like cords. Twice he opened his white lips as if to speak, and twice his voice broke and quavered thinly like a child's speech. Then, in another instant, his glance rested on the young fruit-tree he had brought in and leaned up against the wall of the house under *her* window; and at that a kind of dumb rage possessed him, and he fell upon the innocent flowery branches, twisting them and tearing them into splinters; he snapped the thick, elastic, juicy young trunk across his knee as if it had been a walking stick of dry wood, and hurled the stripped and dishonored blossoms in handfuls to the ground. The dogs ran and smelt at them where they fell.

"I brought them for her," he said, in an awful choked voice. "For her, the damned jilt! The girl who robbed her own father. Take me to Belmont, priest. Have out my horses. I ride a-wooing to-

day. Oh! I have learned the lesson! I have learned what a woman could teach me! Has she money, that other one,—the one with the yellow hair? Money? Land? Jewels? Does the other one love gold, too? Ha, ha! I'll show her how to spend it. Four-score ducats at a sitting, in Genoa—at a sitting! Take me to Belmont, I tell you. Do you think she would not have me, *me* with my black skin and my broken heart, if only there be gold enough? Broken heart? God's blood! what heart have we here that is broken? Is it yours, Father Fabrizio! The priest's heart? Wait until we see Portia, my pretty, sunny-locked Portia! That will cheer you again, my bully Jack-priest! Ah, you shall hear me swear to her! Jilts, jilts, all of them! Yellow locks or black curly hair,—soft, little, dark curls that twist around a man's heart, like snakes! Oh, I will make the heavens fall but she believes me! I'll go to her as a prince! I'll swear my mother was a queen! She shall hear royal blood raging in me! Jilts! Oh! I'll rant the merchant's daughter down in rare fashion; a playhouse prince against her playhouse virtues. She shall hear me brag of the battles I have fought for her; ay! and how I crossed the Hyrcanian deserts, the vasty wilds of Arabia; how I would outstare the sternest eyes that look, outbrave the daringest heart on earth, and pluck young sucking cubs from the she-bear, or mock the lion roaring—all for one smile of love from pretty, pretty Portia!" He threw up his arms. "Have out my horses! I tell you, priest, I go a-wooing!" he cried boisterously.

And then, all of a moment, something seemed to melt and break within him. He threw himself down once more on the horse-block, his feet trampling the broken flowers. "Oh! I am grieved," he said, in a soft voice like a weak woman's. The dog Jezebel thrust her shaggy head up against his cheek, and he let her lick the salt tears from his face unheeded. "Oh! I carry a grieved heart," said the prince.

How his Highness of Morocco went to Belmont, his wooing of fair Portia, the test of the golden casket, and the disastrous ending of that suit, are all matters too well known to stand in need of further mention. By his own request, Father Fabrizio did not accompany his old pupil on that bootless errand. Whether at the last he repented of his past insistence, if he would fain have dissuaded the desperate young man from his perilous adventure, or if, with the cheap and compact wisdom of

middle age, the priest comforted himself by the reflection that past passion is spent passion and gold a matter of certainty — it would be impossible now to decide. After Prince Ferdinand's return the two men never alluded again to the circumstance which had so strongly urged on his departure. Presently, the priest, giving up the care of the village church to younger hands, climbed the hill and found a place for himself in his old pupil's silent and gloomy house. In three years this had been the only acknowledged change in their way of living.

But those whose interest it was to observe him had long noticed a strange alteration, and that for the worse, in all the young master's habits. For one thing, he drank heavily. He had always been of a taciturn nature, but now for days at a time he never opened his lips. He seldom went out of the house, stalking about the place from empty room to empty room as if he were ever seeking for somebody. And if the priest rebuked him for the waste of substance which all these negligences permitted, the young man would make no reply at all, but stare with blank, gloomy eyes into the face of his instructor; or, it may be, break out into a wild laugh and a wilder jest about the devil looking after him while the Church looked after her own, which made the frightened servants cross themselves again while they listened.

But it was observed, too, by these same universal observers, that Father Fabrizio waxed more patient, more apologetically conciliating, more tender to these humors day by day. The old man's attitude towards his late pupil had grown almost pitiful in its humility. He indulged him now as if in a desperate effort to make up for all that was irrevocable; and having discovered that news of Venice was almost the only thing which had the power of breaking through the young man's heavy reserve, the priest hardly allowed a month to pass without pressing for a visit from his old cousin and correspondent, the Venetian merchant Salanio. This latter worthy was a stout, well-fed gentleman, with a blue cheek where his beard was clipped close, and an inquiring, twinkling eye. He dearly loved the pleasures of the table, and the promise of a merry night spent over Prince Ferdinand's old wine could bring him to the country with much of the speed, if not the innocence, of a homing pigeon.

Late one April evening, when supper was over, the cloth drawn, and the window

set wide open, so that odors from the lilac bushes in the garden mingled sweetly with the aroma of a huge flagon of excellent old Lambrusco freshly opened, as the three gentlemen sat about the old carved table, sipping and tasting, and then sipping again in preliminary coquetry with pleasure, there entered one of the prince's servants with an announcement which seemed to sit heavy upon his mind, so that he shuffled sillily in his speech and hung his head, and could scarce be frightened by his master's impatience into mumbling that "there was one without, a Jew, an old man but very terrible, and has eyes that pierce like a sword, who swears he is no pagan Jew but a Christian — and would fain beg a night's shelter — and, if it might be so, bread."

"A Jew! a Christian! Come! this is matter for his reverence," says the prince, filling up his wine-glass afresh. And he bade the servant show the old man in.

"My son, consider! In this house we have had enough of Jews; consider! And my good cousin, your guest, would scarce sit at board with one of the race," cried Father Fabrizio.

"Nay, if the dinner were good, I know not. I have sat at meat with ancient Shylock before this. Ay, so I have. True, 'twas in the old days, before our noble duke had judged and despoiled him. I never sat at dinner with a Jew before empty flagons — not that empty flagons rule at Morocco," says Salanio, with a good-natured wink at his host.

But the young man took no notice of the compliment beyond an impatient stare. "Let those who do not like my company leave it. No offence to you, Master Venetian," he said sullenly, and with an oath bade the servant not keep the Jew beggar waiting at the door.

"Now the holy saints, and more especially the excellent St. Fabrice, my exalted patron, send that the pagan brute do not bring us another mouthing monkey," the good priest muttered in his beard, and almost at the same moment the door opened and Messer Salanio dropped his glass upon the table before him, and sat staring at the incomer with all his eyes, while his lower jaw hung loosely.

"Blessed St. Anthony of Padua!" the Venetian spluttered, "I thought the man dead and in his coffin these two years or more! Why — Shylock! The man has not so much as one poor ducat left, that's clear. And his hair is gone white, and there's a hole in his hose, and another in his gaberline. What, old Shylock, what

news on the Rialto? Cam'st thou from Venice, man? Why, how now, Shylock? What news among the merchants?"

"Shylock—the Jew Shylock?" said the priest, and sank back in his chair.

"When I saw thee last thy coat had the fewer rents in it. It was at the duke's court, if thou rememberest it, Shylock, and after judgment given for Antonio, my good Antonio, my honest Antonio! Oh, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!"

"Shylock the Jew! Shylock the own father to that woman-thing Jessica!" moaned the priest.

"Who?" called out the prince, leaping to his feet with an oath.

Then the old man advanced a step nearer to the table, and first he looked all about the room and the walls of the room like a trapped beast; and then he looked into each one of their faces. His eyes, set deep under white, shaggy brows, burned in their red-rimmed sockets, burned with the fire of a blank, an eternal accusation. His clothes hung about his meagre frame in poor rags and fragments, and his countenance was ploughed, as it were, with passion, and rigid with an awful, stony grief.

"I was that rich Jew, Shylock," he said, "and once I had a daughter."

"She is dead, Jessica is dead," cried out the prince in a strange voice. And then he dropped down again in his seat. He filled his glass, the bottle clinked, the wine spilled between his clumsy fingers.

"Thank you, good Signor Salanio," the old man went on. "I have known those of your race who had shorter memories for old favors and men disgraced. Believe me, I thank you in my heart for your gentle Christian—courtesy."

"Faith, thou art a Christian thyself, old villain, or the duke was the more deceived. Bid me not think the matter needs fresh looking into, at thy peril, Jew! Thou art as good a Christian as e'er a priest made by driving out seven Hebrew devils with a wash of holy water," quoth the burly merchant.

"I am," answered Shylock, "believe me, a most excellent Christian."

"Ay, thou hadst need. And how fares good Lorenzo? And your pretty slight baggage of a daughter? The little witch! Faith, I was of the party the night she gave you the slip. I had a friend knew the tailor who made the wings she flew withal."

"She was damned for it," said Shylock.

"Can't you let the talking be? The

man is half starved. Give him supper, give him wine. There's nothing mends a heart like wine," says the prince.

"Ay, supper, supper! Sit down, old gossip, and show us how a starved Jew-Christian can feed on the flesh of baptized hogs. No offence, your reverence," called out Master Salanio with another great laugh. "And Lorenzo, your son Lorenzo, lives then, worthy Shylock?"

"Ay."

"At Belmont still, I warrant you?"

"Ay."

"Ah, I heard as much. I heard as much," said the Venetian approvingly, and folded his fat dimpled hands over his little, fat paunch. "Ah"—he gave a long, comfortable sigh. "Lorenzo was heir to his wife, an' I remember the judgment rightly. A brave judgment, an excellent judge, a very Daniel gave the judgment,—eh, old wolf?"

The Jew looked up from his plate without answering. His upper lip was drawn back, his teeth were bare and gleaming like the teeth of a rat when the rick is tumbled.

"Lorenzo claiming part jurisdiction over your wealth; the noble duke taking his full share; yourself an enforced Christian, and so cut off from the help of your tribal devils; your losses by Antonio; the costs of the suit,—ha, ha! Well, 'tis no wonder if you carry what's left you on your back. And Jessica," his voice took a kindlier tone, "pretty Jessica gone too! In child-birth, I warrant you. Poor little, mischievous, smiling Jessica."

"Let the man alone, will you? God's blood, sir! do I keep an ordinary that you may bait my guests under my eyes and at my very table? Let the old man be, I say!" roared the prince.

The bottle had gone round so many times before this that Salanio only answered his host's remonstrance with a lazy, good-humored chuckle. "No offence,—Jews,—devils,—pretty girl," he added vaguely, and in the very act of half spilling and half filling another red bumper of wine, he stopped short, lurched heavily forward, and so, his head reposing peacefully among the emptied glasses, fell into a profound and noisy sleep.

Time had no meaning to the good man as he thus drunkenly slumbered. It might have been the very next instant, or long hours might have passed for aught he knew, when he was awakened by a rude and trembling hand, and by a voice which, even to his half unconscious ears, seemed to babble awfully of disaster and sudden

death. As he stumbled to his feet, he was first aware of a change in the light, and the broad morning sky shining pale and still beyond the open window; and then his bewildered gaze followed mechanically the direction of Father Fabrizio's shaking hand, and looked down—down on the floor, where one of the dogs was whimpering strangely, and pawing and snuffing at his master's stiff extended figure.

The prince was quite still and lay upon his back as he had fallen. One hand clutched at the torn front of his velvet doublet, the other was thrown out wildly with loose, sprawling fingers, which the dog was licking. There was a smile as free from care, as happy as the smile of a child, upon the young man's gloomy face.

"His eyes are open,—he is drunk," the merchant whispered, and stared and shivered even as he said it.

"He is dead. I loved him, God help me! I thought it was the gold; and it was himself. And now he is dead," said the priest.

There was wine still standing on the disordered table, and with a crude instinct of giving something to a man in pain, Salanio poured out a draught and would have had his cousin empty the goblet; but Don Fabrizio only pushed his hand away.

"The night was long," he said, in the same toneless, dreary way, "and the Jew slept on his chair, but my boy sat there,—there where your arm is,—and every now and then he would turn his eyes towards the old man and draw a great sigh. At last, as the dawn was breaking, he roused himself, and he woke the nodding Jew and inquired of him where Jessica lies buried? 'At Belmont,' said the Jew, and then my boy sighed again and pressed money in his hand and bade him go out of the house in God's name. Methought after that the load on his heart seemed lightened, for he stood by the open window for a long time looking up at the paling stars. And once he spoke, 'It seems,' he said, 'an emptier world, an emptier world with no little Jessica in it!' And even as I would have answered him, for his mood was gentle, he clapped hand to heart and fell as you see him, as both his brothers fell before him. And I knew that my lad was dead."

"Now God rest him!" said fat Salanio. "But the Jew, good cousin? In God's name, can we not overtake and fine the felon Jew?"

He ran to the window and leaned far out. The sun was up, a wave of limpid morning air blew in his heated face. The birds

were singing all together in the dewy lilac bushes of the garden. The poplar-bordered road wound away, white and empty, to the low horizon. All that sweet, green, level country, dotted with blossoming fruit-trees, lay like an open map under his eyes. And, far or near, there was no trace of Shylock.

GEORGE FLEMING.

From Murray's Magazine.

SOCIAL BATH IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS.

AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA," "MAN PROPOSES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE story of Nash is so inwoven with the social life of the first half of the last century in Bath, that it is impossible to give any picture of the city, its gaieties or its pieties, in which he is not a prominent actor. He embodied the truth of our modern maxim "nothing succeeds like success." His attitude at the great door of York Minster, when, clad in a blanket, he held the bag for alms, was prophetic. He knew his people whom he had come to reign over; and how true was the observation of that Italian traveller of the sixteenth century, who declared of the English that "they would sooner give five or six ducats to provide an entertainment for a person than a groat to assist him in distress."

Pleasure became so pleasant under Nash's good management that he had no difficulty, as we have seen, in getting money together for all manner of gaieties and improvements. But benevolent Ralph Allen was not unmindful of the poor; he, with Dr. Oliver of biscuit fame, and Nash—who also loved to make people happy, and could weep copiously over a tale of woe—took care that the charities of the town came in for a fair share of attention. A most amusing story is told of how on one occasion Nash collected a subscription for the mineral water hospital, then about to be built, and for which Ralph Allen gave all the stone, ready cut, from his quarries.

Standing at the door of the Assembly Rooms, Nash held his white three-cornered hat in his hand to receive subscriptions. He was always known by this white hat, by the way, which he adopted to distinguish him from the crowd, until it came to be regarded as his badge of royalty, that no one presumed to imitate. While standing thus at the door to receive subscriptions, a certain duchess entered,

whose well-known custom it was to subscribe in ducats to her pleasures and in groats to her charities.

Giving Nash a familiar and friendly pat with her fan, she said graciously:—

"You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket."

"With pleasure, madam," said Nash, "if your Grace will tell me when to stop."

Suiting the action to the word, Nash drew out of his pocket a handful of guineas, and began counting them out: "One, two, three, four, five —"

"Enough, enough," cried the duchess in alarm, "what are you about?"

"Consider your rank and fortune, madam," says Nash, still counting, "Six, seven, eight, nine, ten —"

Here her Grace's alarm gave place to anger, as she saw her charitable groats becoming ducats in the hands of this man, always so generous at the expense of others. But Nash was imperturbable. With maddening assurance he begged her not to interrupt the work of charity, while he continued counting: "Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen —"

At this point the exasperated duchess cried aloud. Catching hold of his hand, she strove to stop his reckless numbering. The scene must have been inimitable, as Nash, nothing daunted, went on, pausing only to quiet her with:—

"Peace, madam, you shall have your name written in letters of gold upon the front of the building. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty —"

"I won't pay a farthing more," says her Grace, now at white-heat.

"Charity covers a multitude of sins," replies her tormentor parenthetically. "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five —"

Rage now began to give place to despair in the breast of the duchess. "Nash," she cried, "I protest, you frighten me out of my wits; Lord, I shall die!"

"Madam, you will never die of doing good, and if you do, it will be the better for you," he added, about to count on; but seeing that he had carried his point to the utmost limit of her womanly endurance, he agreed to stop if she would give him thirty guineas.

After some haggling, the duchess finally gave a reluctant consent, and passed on into the card-room in a terrible temper. Nash tried to propitiate her during the evening, but without avail. When he stood by her side at the card-table she ordered him out of her sight in no choice terms, exclaiming: "Stand back, you ugly

devil, I hate the sight of you!" But later on in the evening, having had a run of luck at cards, she called him to her, saying:—

"Come, I will be friends with you, though you are a fool; and to let you see I am not angry, here are ten guineas more for your charity; but I give them only on condition you do not give either my name or the amount."

We suspect the duchess in question to have been her Grace, Sarah, of Marlborough, who was in the habit of consulting Nash about many things, and making use of him on occasions—as in the matter of her servants' liveries, which he designed. Several of her letters to him are given in his "Life," but are of no interest here, except to show the familiarity of the footing on which they stood with each other—a familiarity that occasionally produced the proverbial result.

Duchesses, it would seem, had shown a predilection for Bath, even before this time, as we hear of their Graces of Cleveland and Portsmouth, who, at an earlier date, were such prominent pleasure-mongers that they had on occasions to be called to order for their behavior in public. Their conduct was "fast" in the extreme when they went to the King's Bath for their daily dip, as their voices were to be heard joining in all the noisy songs and rude play that went on among the bathers before decorum was established. A quaint old picture of the baths at this period draws the primitive assemblage with startling fidelity, which goes far to prove that we have progressed in modesty, if in nothing else, since the "good old times."

But even in the last century, of all strange scenes, the reverse (to coin a word) of Bethesda-ish, was this daily dip in the public baths. To modern eyes it is lacking in ordinary decency, although we are assured nothing unseemly was suffered to take place under the scrutinizing eye of the master of the ceremonies. He took his stand on the wall dividing the King's from the Queen's Bath, immediately above the statue of Bladud, and maintained order among the promiscuous groups of bathers, composed of men, women, and sometimes children, attired in various and fanciful costumes of flannel or linen, with fantastic hats, and the ladies having fans, which, if report speaks truly, were necessary more for use than for ornament.

In Nash's day—beyond the publicity which left the bathers disporting in the waters open to gaze from every window of

the surrounding houses, and the loungers promenading the walk around the parapet of the bath — no improprieties were observed or permitted. Nash was very particular that the lookers-on should indulge in no unseemly jokes or exhibitions of extravagant admiration, and one day flung a gentleman into the bath for going into rhapsodies over his wife's charms, as she floated about gracefully among the bathers in Bladud's cisterns.

Smollett, who was familiar with Bath, and at one time had serious thoughts of settling here as a physician, gives us the best and most reliable picture of the bathing scene in the pages of "Humphrey Clinker," where he paints the social life in Bath as seen by one who participated in and noted its various phases as a pleased or splenetic spectator. The routine of life and pleasure did not materially change throughout the century. The edicts of the social Solon were so indelibly written upon the manners and customs of society, that Smollett's delineations may be accepted as a vivid representation of Bath social life as perfected by Nash.

"Right under the Pump-room window," writes Lydia Melford, Smollett's heroine, in her letter from Bath, "is the King's Bath, a huge cistern where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but truly, whether it is owing to the steam that surrounds them, or what — they look so flushed and so frightful that I always turn my eyes another way. My aunt, who says every person of fashion should make her appearance in the bath as well as in the Abbey Church, contrived a cap with cherry-colored ribbands to suit her complexion."

Smollett, writing from under the protecting alias of old Matthew Bramble, gives us another view of the subject, which must be read, like all choice writings, in the original language to be understood, or possibly appreciated, since translation or quotation is out of the question.

Between the hours of six and nine the bathing began. Ladies came in their sedan chairs already dressed in costume for the bath. As soon as they stepped into the water, bath-attendants handed each one a wooden bowl, which floated on the water and held their nosegay, snuff-box, handkerchief, and fan. If any were new-comers to the bath, an attendant accompanied her until she grew accustomed

to the exercise. After remaining an hour in the water chatting, swimming, not to mention flirting — the "Have-at-alls!" — that is to say with the "pretty fellows," as the "smart" men in those days were styled, the ladies called for their chairs, and returned in this damp condition to their lodgings to dress. Smollett, speaking of these chairs, calls them "so many sponges, which must give a charming check to the patient piping hot from the bath." The chair-men were veritable scourges to these damply clad invalids or fashionables. The chair was a *cul-de-sac* from which there was no escape unless they paid the fare demanded. If they refused, they were kept in duance vile until they consented, as the chair-man locked them in; and if very obstinate, a little gentle pressure was used to bring them to a better mind, by removing the top of the chair and exposing them to the play of the elements on their damp garments. This treatment was generally found effective in extorting the required sum. Nash put an end to all this, and, if for nothing else, deserved the thanks of the community.

It was the custom among those who had derived benefit from the waters to record their gratitude by having memorial brass rings, bearing their names engraved on them, inserted into the walls of the large bath.

But these cisterns apart — which to a young girl had not the delightful attractions they offered to her more mature aunt, Bath, according to Smollett, was a very paradise for girls. It is thus he makes Lydia Melford give her impressions, which may be accepted as a faithful expression of what all girls felt on coming to Bath.

"Bath to me is a new world. All is gaiety, good-humor, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendor of dress and equipage, and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages."

Fresh arrivals were greeted with a peal of joy-bells, which set all the *quidnuncs* asking who they were, and kept the town in a continual state of rejoicing through the perpetual ringing of bells from morning until night. A further honor awaited them in a serenade under their windows from the city waits; attentions — for all of which, while it gave them distinction — they were expected to pay handsomely. The first thing to be done on arrival was to write their names in the visitor's book in the Pump-room, as an announcement to the master of the ceremonies, who, when

the family were lodged, called upon them to bid them welcome and extract subscriptions — guineas for the balls, the reading-room, the library, etc. After thus paying their footing they were given the freedom of the Pump and Assembly Rooms and society generally.

Smollett's *débutante* describes how they went at eight o'clock in the morning "*en dishabille* (or a *negligée*) to the Pump-room, which," she says, "is crowded like a Welsh fair; and there you see the highest quality and the lowest trades-folk jostling each other without ceremony, hail fellow, well met. The noise of the music in the gallery, the heat and the flavor of such a crowd, and the hum and buzz of their conversation gave me vertigo the first day; but afterwards all these things became familiar and even agreeable. . . . The pumpers attend within the bar, and glasses of different sizes stand ranged in order before them, so you have only to point out what you require. Hard by the Pump-room is a coffee house for ladies; but my aunt says young ladies are not admitted, inasmuch as the conversation turns upon politics, scandal, philosophy and other topics above our capacity; but we are allowed to accompany them to the booksellers' shops, where we read novels, plays, pamphlets and newspapers for so small a sum as a crown a quarter, and in these offices of intelligence (as my brother calls them) all the reports of the day and all the private transactions of Bath are first entered and discussed. From the booksellers' shops we make a tour through the milliners and toy men, and commonly stop at Mrs. Gill the pastry-cook's to take a jelly, a tart, or a small basin of vermicelli. There is, moreover, another place of entertainment on the other side of the water, opposite the grove, to which the company cross over in a boat — it is called Spring Gardens, laid out in walks and ponds, and parterres of flowers; and there is a long room for breakfasting and dancing." "After all the great scenes of entertainment at Bath are the two public rooms, where the company meet alternately every evening."

A word in passing about these rival rooms, often puzzling to readers owing to the fashion that obtained of calling them, as time went on, by the names of their respective and successive owners. When Bath became a fashionable resort, and Inigo Jones's Town-hall was found too small for the company, Nash prevailed on a man named Harrison to build a set of

rooms, which were erected where the Literary Institute now stands. These were called Harrison's rooms. He made a fortune by them, and on his retiring they were taken by Lord Hawley and his mistress — or wife — by whose maiden name of Hayes they were next called; after this, Simpson's.

The gay world soon outgrew the Harrison-Hayes-Simpson rooms, and Wood built a new set on the opposite side of the road, where York Street now stands. Dame Lindsay took these and made a fortune by them, and then passed them on to Wiltshire. While ostensibly used for public amusement, they were secret gambling hells, from which Nash drew his means of subsistence, as he held a share in the tables that later on proved his ruin, as we shall see. It is these rooms Lydia now describes: —

"They are spacious, lofty, and when lighted up appear very striking. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play cards, walk, or sit and chat together, just as they are disposed. Twice a week there is a ball, the expense of which is defrayed by a voluntary subscription among the gentlemen, and every subscriber has three tickets. I was there Friday last with my aunt, under the care of my brother who is a subscriber; . . . The place was so hot, and the smell so different from what we are used to in the country, that I was quite feverish when we came away. Aunt says it is the effect of a vulgar constitution, reared among woods and mountains, and that as I become accustomed to genteel society it will wear off."

This excerpt from Smollett gives the most graphic picture of the times to be met with anywhere, and is fully corroborated by Wood and Goldsmith.

The drama always found a welcome in Bath; but owing to an act of Parliament passed in 1737, suppressing play-houses, plays and players were compelled to vacate the theatre in Bath and took refuge in the cellars beneath the ball-room of Harrison's Assembly Rooms. After hiding for ten years in that stronghold, and finding that neither the law nor act of Parliament had molested it the while, the drama crept forth into daylight, and determined to assert itself in the open street in a new and public theatre. But this design was frustrated by the death of the enterprising actor Mr. Hippley, before the money required for the building had been gathered together. So the poor drama had to return once more to the cellar, where it

remained until 1768, when a new theatre was erected in which many famous actors graduated. Bath was considered the best school for London. Quin, Garrick, and Foote were frequenters of Bath. Quin ultimately settled in the place, at the invitation of Nash, whose friend he was until they fell out towards the end of Nash's life; but of this more later on. Quin lies buried in the Abbey. Garrick wrote his epitaph, the first line of which, while doing justice to the comic actor and wit, has a discordant note when read in connection with the sanctity of the place. To immortalize there

That tongue which set the table in a roar,
seems a doubtful compliment. There is a savor of semi-jocularity about it that fails in good taste. On Quin's grave in the centre aisle are these lines:—

Here lies the body of Mr. James Quin;
The scene is changed, I am no more;
Death's the last act—now all is o'er.

Quin, alive or dead, was not a man to be forgotten. His *bon mots* would fill a book. Some of them were admirable, as for instance, when at a party in Bath, a lord once said to him, "Quin, my boy, what a pity a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Upon which Quin turned smartly on the speaker, exclaiming: "What would your Lordship have me be?—a lord!"

Public breakfasts at the Assembly Rooms were a great institution, as were concert breakfasts—a more expensive form of entertainment to which people invited their friends. These concert breakfasts were partially amateur, as any person of rank or fortune could join the orchestra. Between bathing, drinking the waters, breakfasting, concerts, service at the Abbey, and the library, the morning passed until twelve o'clock, when all the company assembled either on the "walks" or the "parades." Here they made up their parties for the evening. Others, again, went riding or driving, or took country walks until dinner-time, at two o'clock. After dinner they had prayers—the serious-minded among them—and then met once more at the Pump-room for their second or third glass. Then came a little more promenading on the "walks" until tea-time, tea being usually served in the Assembly Rooms. Afternoon teas were apparently as fashionable then as now. Sally Lunn used to supply in those days the hot-buttered tea-cakes which have immortalized her name. Her little shop

still exists in what was then called Lilliput Lane, since changed to North Parade Passage. The public balls every Tuesday and Friday evening were generally preceded—according to the advertisements in the paper—either by a concert or theatricals. "Thus Bath," we are told, "yielded a continued rotation of diversions, and people of all ways of thinking, even from the libertine to the Methodist, were able to fill their day with pleasures and employments suited to their inclinations."

As master of the revels on a larger scale, just as when a Temple student he entertained King William III., Nash was the moving spirit of all the festivities of these modern "idolators," who, whatever else their real business in life, met in Bath "to eat and drink and rose up to play."

As time wore on to the forties, many who came to pay an occasional visit to Bath decided to stay. The builder did not then, as now, speculate largely in green wood and inadequate bricks and mortar, the scorn, according to Carlyle, of the honest mason. Noblemen and gentlemen of fortune wishing to be well housed when they came to Bath—which they now did annually—ordered houses to be built for them which they took on lease and called by their names. Among these were the Dukes of Northumberland, Beaufort, Kingston, Chandos, Bedford, and Marlborough, all of whom owned houses, as did Pitt the elder, with Lords Howth, Clive, Sandwich, and Chesterfield.

A genius among architects was John Wood the elder, a man quite in advance of his age. He may be said to have revived the classic glory and honest workmanship of earlier times; thus it is that some of the old Bath houses stand unrivalled for the artistic elegance of the interior adornment no less than for the solidity of their masonry, while their exterior is classical in design and the admiration of the connoisseur. John Wood had a son known as John Wood the younger, who worthily aided and succeeded his father in beautifying the city. Later on in the century he was to build the Crescent which now stands unrivalled by any work of the kind in all England, and a splendid memorial of his genius.

The cry of "Ichabod" has gone forth over many of these princely mansions of a bygone day. The Duke of Kingston's house in Kingsmead Square is now distributing its spacious front between potatoes and fish for public sale. Lord Chesterfield's house in Pierrepont Street, from

which some of his famous letters were written to his son, is divided into two lodging-houses. It was from this house he wrote of himself and Lord Tyrawley. "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known." Duke Street, which intersects the North and South Parade, though now the dullest street in Bath, was once, as its name implies, the residence of dukes.

Smollett, writing on the improvements going on in Bath in the direction of new buildings, is most amusing. By the mouth of gout-stricken, grumpy Matthew Bramble, he indulges in the following "lamentations," the echo, no doubt, of much that was said at the time on the subject, present time like absent people being "always wrong."

"You must know," he writes, "I find nothing but disappointment at Bath, which is so altered that I can scarce believe it the same place I frequented thirty years ago. Instead of that peace . . . so necessary . . . to bad health . . . we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry, with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial more stiff, formal, and oppressive, than the etiquette of a German elector. A national hospital it may be, but one would imagine none but lunatics were admitted, and truly, I will give you leave to call me so if I stay much longer in Bath . . . I was impatient to see the boasted improvements in architecture . . . The square (Queen's Square) . . . is by far the most wholesome and agreeable."

Bramble complains, however, of the amenities leading to it. In those days the chief inn was "The Bear." It was through the yard of this inn he groaned to find he had to be carried from Queen's Square to reach the Baths, "wincing," as he says, "under the curry-combs of grooms and postillions." He supposes that "after some chair-men shall have been maimed and a few lives lost by these accidents, that the corporation would think more in earnest about providing a more safe and commodious passage. The circus," he continues, "is a pretty bauble contrived for show, and looks like Vespatian's amphitheatre turned outside in. The same artist who planned the circus has likewise projected a Crescent; when that is finished we shall probably have a Star, and those who are living thirty years hence may perhaps see all the signs of the Zodiac exhibited in architecture in Bath."

Like all who see things too close at hand and without due perspective, Matthew Bramble (*i.e.*, Smollett) grumbles at every-

thing, declaring that the new buildings springing up everywhere in Bath look like the "wreck of streets and squares dis-jointed by an earthquake," as if some Gothic devil had stuffed them together in a bag and left them to stand . . . just as choice directed. All these absurdities arise from the general tide of luxury which has overspread the nation . . . Every up-start of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath as the very focus of observation. Clerks and factors from the East Indies, loaded with the spoil of plundered provinces; planters, negro-drivers and huxters from our American plantations, enriched they know not how; agents, commissaries, contractors who have fattened in two successive wars on the blood of the nation; usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth and no breeding have suddenly found themselves translated in a state of affluence unknown to former ages; and no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and presumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatness but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence without taste or conduct through every channel of the most absurd extravagance; and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any further qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land. Even wives and daughters of low tradesmen, who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey upon the blubber of those uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance; and the slightest indisposition serves them for a pretext to insist upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country dances and cotillions among lordlings, squires, counsellors, and clergy. These delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Butchers' Row, Crutched Friars, and Botolph Lane cannot breathe the gross air of the lower town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging-house; the husband must therefore provide an entire house, or elegant apartment in the new buildings. Such is the composition of what is called fashionable company at Bath, where a very inconsiderable proportion of genteel people are lost in the mob of impudent plebeians who have neither understanding nor judgment, nor the least idea of propriety and decorum, and seem to enjoy nothing so much as an opportunity of insulting their betters."

Gouty diatribe as this is, we are disposed to think it gives a correct idea of a state of society which luxury unrestrained

by breeding had too effectually corrupted. Nash's rules would lead one to support this idea, since their aim is ever to repress the encroachments of the "impertinents," the "captious," the "Have-at-alls," and the "levellers."

The balls given twice a week at the rooms were important functions. They began at six in the evening and ended at eleven, on account of the invalids, who were ordered to keep early hours. The ceremonial observed at them was stiff in the extreme, as Smollett complained. Each ball opened with a minuet—a slow, solemn mystery of dancing representative of the grace and dignity of man and woman. This was led off by two persons of the highest distinction in the room, who had to stand up singly and go through the measured tread before the gaze of the company assembled. No slight ordeal this, which provoked the *bon mot* from Lord Chesterfield that the couple dancing a minuet "looked as if they were hired to do it, and were doubtful of being paid!" When the pair had finished, the master of the ceremonies led the lady to her seat, leaving the gentleman standing while he brought him a fresh partner. This apportioning of two ladies to every gentleman was obligatory, in order that every lady who was anxious to be seen should have an opportunity of "taking the floor." The minuet lasted two hours, until eight o'clock, and was the solid portion of the entertainment; after which came the lighter fare of the *contre*, or country dances, in which ladies stood up in the order of precedence to "cross hands and down the middle." If the company were mixed, precedence was protective, as no commoner was permitted to intrude on the seats set apart for titled ladies.

But now what is this? The dance had begun, and one of the fair ladies present, high up in the order of precedence, is so extremely delicate and proud of her pedigree that she can only touch the back of an inferior's hand as she goes down the dance. Nash, on the alert, sees this, and, going up to her, calls her to order, and in no measured terms bids her either to "leave the room or behave with common decency." Another couple have gone down the dance, but, feeling that they would prefer each other's society to dancing, are leaving the dance before it is finished. Once more Nash, the tyrant, comes forward, and reminds them that if they transgress the rules, which forbid their leaving off before the end, he shall not permit them to dance any more that evening.

They know what this means only too well, as in the carrying out of his rules Nash is inexorable.

At nine o'clock there is a lull in the ball, while the gentlemen take their guests and partners into the tea-room. The balls, it will be remembered, are given by the gentlemen, who are each allowed to invite three ladies, and cautioned not to give their tickets to any but ladies. Just now there is a commotion; a waiting-maid has been discovered among the dancers. She is pretty, and is dressed up in the clothes of her mistress, who happens to be away from Bath. The gallant who has admitted her thinks she will not be discovered in her disguise. Foolish fellow! As if the recollection of every garment once seen in public is not stored in the wards of some female memory! Detection and punishment swiftly follow on each other, and the "pretty fellow" with his pretty waiting-maid are ignominiously cast out by the indignant Nash, who is too wary for such mistakes to occur very often.

There is a sigh of relief in the breasts of many when tea is over; for now all further ceremony is relaxed for the rest of the evening. After three hours of minuet and buckram, the young men and maidens are glad to get rid of Nash, and be free to follow another form of amusement—the same in all ages—such as young people of this century will recognize under the name of "sitting out;" when they are at liberty to clothe their previously silent admiration in suitable words and attentions untrammelled by Nash, or the laws of obligation or precedence.

Nash and others, meanwhile, are in the card-room improving the wax-lit hours by gathering coin; losing it, too, heavily on occasions. Nash is seated at the card-table, his finely plaited white shirt hanging somewhat loosely over a low-buttoned, flowered waistcoat, and his handsome velvet, gold-laced coat giving importance to his somewhat clumsy form, while under his arm he carries his famous white hat, which he declares he adopted not from singularity, but for security, as he was always losing his others. He is coarse in feature, and shaven smooth of face, which shows every wrinkle and fold of his heavy, fleshy jowl. This is modified, however, by an imposing periwig. He has just lost five hundred pounds. He takes his loss somewhat gravely. Rising from the table, he encounters my Lord Chesterfield—arch cynic and polished courtier—to whom Nash complains in oath-adorned language of the ill-treatment he is receiv-

ing at the hands of Dame Fortune, who has beaten him horribly of late. "Is it not surprising," he asks, "that I should be thus eternally mauled?" To which his lordship caustically replies: "I don't wonder at your losing money, Nash, but all the world is surprised where you get it to lose!" Dame Lindsay and others could have told his lordship.

But of this enough for the present. It is about to strike eleven and Nash hastens to the ball-room. On reaching it he holds up one finger as a signal to the conductor to stop playing. The ladies cease dancing; but are allowed to remain just long enough to get cool. Then their cavaliers see them into their chairs, and they return home to sad or happy dreams, according to the success of their evening.

Nash also goes home to his house in St. John's Court. Its exterior is not unimposing. The entrance to the front door is supported on pillars surmounted by a pair of important looking eagles, and a carved lion's head stares proudly from over the centre. The hall is not large; to the right is an ante-chamber; immediately facing the door is the dining-room, where Nash is pleased to welcome all who "desire his friendship or need a dinner," which at his table is mostly a plain one, boiled chickens and roast mutton being his favorite viands. On leaving the dining-room an easy flight of stairs to the right takes you up to the drawing-room, which is over the dining-room and the ante-chamber. This was at once his throne-room and hall of audience, and contrasted strongly with the meanness of his sleeping apartment, which was simply a small garret, with sloping roofed ceiling. This exterior pomp and interior poverty were characteristic of the man. At the same time Nash "at home" was a kind and considerate host. His friends and his servants loved him. Goldsmith, who knew him personally and frequently dined with him, says: "No man in his house perhaps was more regular, cheerful, and beneficent. To those who were his guests at table he was wont to say after grace had been given: 'Come, gentlemen, eat and welcome, spare and the devil choke you.'" Goldsmith excuses himself for mentioning this; he does so merely because it was so well known and consistent with the singularity of Nash's character and behavior.

As titular king of Bath, recognized as such by the civic authorities, Nash drove an equipage that was regal. His chariot was drawn by six black horses, well matched and pacing so regularly that

when in full trot any one at a distance would imagine only one horse drew the carriage. He kept a coachman, postillion, two footmen in livery, and a running footman. These running footmen were quite a feature of the bygone age, and always in the suite of people of distinction. Nash's running footman was famed for his swiftness, and is said to have run from Bath to London in one day. He was quite a "character" in Bath, as well known for his Irish "bulls" as for his running. An amusing instance is told of how Nash once sent Bryan, as he was called, with the present of a hare to the Duke of Beaufort. On reaching the top of Lansdown hill, on the road to Badminton, Bryan thought that as the hare was alive he might just as well have a little sport on his own account, so he untied the basket in which it was secured, and taking off his coat he started the hare, and then his dog that had accompanied him; after which he followed at full speed until the hare was out of sight.

When he came back for his coat and the basket, he found on reaching the spot where he had left them that both were gone. But he had Nash's letter in his pocket, and went on with it, minus hare and coat and basket, to Badminton. Arrived there, he was taken to his Grace, who asked him what he had brought.

"Arrah by my shoul and shalvation I've brought a letter for your dukeship," said Bryan, handing him his master's letter announcing the present of the hare. The duke read it, and when he had concluded he said, "I am glad the hare has come."

"By my shoul," returns Bryan, "so am I; but pray, your graceship, is my great-coat come too?"

Nash was very fond and proud of this Bryan, and one night at supper the conversation turning on Bryan's blunders, Nash told his guests that he had not taken him for his head. He offered there and then to lay a wager of two hundred pounds that Bryan would go to London with a letter the next morning and return to Bath with the answer on the following day. The challenge was accepted, and Bryan was sent for, to know if he agreed to it and would take the journey. He did so, little dreaming that he was agreeing to his own death warrant! He started next morning, running from Bath to London and back again to Bath, arriving home three-quarters of an hour before he was due! But the effort killed him. In three days he was dead. Nash was greatly distressed. He could not touch the blood money his boast had won, so he handed it over to Bryan's

widow and children, together with the proceeds of a collection he had made for them, which secured them from want.

Although residing in what Smollett calls a national hospital, and the friend of Oliver and Cheney, Nash had no faith in doctors. Doctor Cheney, a man much in vogue then in Bath, was a friend of his, and on one occasion, after prescribing for him, called to see how Nash was progressing. To his surprise he found his patient up and well, and asked him if he had followed his prescription.

"Followed your prescription!" cried Nash. "No; egad, if I had I should have broke my neck, for I flung it out of two pair of stairs window!"

Doctor Cheney tried to induce Nash to become a vegetarian, but the idea was not palatable in any form, and disagreed most of all with the Beau's religious views.

"I swear, Cheney," he would exclaim, "it is your design to send half the world grazing like Nebuchadnezzar." Upon which Doctor Cheney would retort that "Nebuchadnezzar was never such an infidel as Nash."

In his desire to be thought a wit, Nash was sometimes brutal in his jokes, and on one occasion received a smart reprimand. He was walking in the grove when he met two ladies, one of whom was deformed. Addressing her, he asked where she had come from.

"Straight from London," was the reply.

"Confound me, madam," he said, "then you must have been d—ly warpt by the way."

The lady said nothing at the time to so unfeeling and ill-timed a pleasantry, but it rankled. A few days after, Nash joined her as she was sitting in the rooms, and asked her, with a sneer and a bow, if she knew her catechism and could tell him the name of Tobit's dog.

"His name, sir, was *Nash*, and an impudent dog he was!"

He was a great *raconteur*, and in conversation always had something, as he considered, *à propos* to the subject talked about. A specimen of his manner of telling a story is given by Goldsmith. It was one of Nash's favorite stories, which he told over and over again to every fresh listener, much to the weariness of those who had heard it before. He would begin, no matter what the topic, by saying:—

"I'll tell you something to that purpose that will make you laugh. A covetous old parson, as rich as the devil, scraped acquaintance with me several years ago at Bath. I knew him when he and I were

students at Oxford, where we both studied damnably hard, but that's neither here nor there. Well, very well. I entertained him at my house in John's Court—no, my house in John's Court was not built then—but I entertained him with all the city could afford; in the rooms, the music and everything in the world. Upon his leaving Bath he pressed me very hard to return the visit, and desired me to let him have the pleasure of seeing me at his house in Devonshire. About six months after I happened to be in the neighborhood, and was resolved to see my old friend, from whom I expected a very warm reception. Well, I knocks at his door, when an old, queer creature of a maid came to the door and denied him. I suspected, however, he was at home, and going into the parlor what should I see but the parson's legs up the chimney, where he had thrust himself to avoid entertaining me. This was very well."

In this style Nash continues to narrate how, on pretence of being cold, he begged the maid to light him a fire, which she tried to evade, as the chimney smoked. Nash persisted, however, and seeing some straw in the grate he set fire to it, and, as he says, "unkennelled the old fox, to his great confusion."

How was it that Nash, who at the outset of life was ready to face starvation to secure matrimony, never married? The student had developed into a gallant, the gallant into a beau. Beaux rarely marry. They are too universal to concentrate. No woman is able to pay the price their vanity demands, unless by a broken heart—if she be "a woman of feeling," that is to say. It is a happy thing, therefore, when the evanescent nature of their affections becomes apparent to themselves and they desist from endeavoring to find a permanent sacrifice.

When Nash was in seemingly affluent circumstances and the leader of fashion in Bath, he proposed to a certain Miss V—, of D—, and was accepted by her father as a desirable suitor. When he asked the young lady herself, he met with another reception. She begged to be excused as she was fond of some one else. Her father, who regarded affection as a very secondary matrimonial consideration, was very wrath, and insisted upon her taking Nash.

Nash revolved the situation in his mind and determined to make a splendid *crup de théâtre*. It was not likely he was going to hamper his beauship with the dead weight of an unwilling bride, who would

no doubt develop with disappointment into a scolding Xantippe and ruin his career. So he saw the girl and told her not to distress herself, but to confide to him the name of her lover and he would arrange everything for her to her satisfaction. She did so. Nash sent for him, and taking the young lady's hand placed it within that of his rival, together with a fortune equal to what her father intended to give her had she married himself!

One hardly knows how to judge such an action. If the "sensibility" of this generation were equal to the last, it ought to move us to tears of admiration. Unfortunately the sequel tempts us to the conclusion that Nash had learnt enough of the young lady's character to be glad to pay handsomely to be "off the bargain" and disarm the stern parent, who, seeing Nash's disinterestedness, was conscience-stricken, and gave his daughter not only his blessing but also a dowry.

And now, to disclose the third act of this drama. Alas for the honor of womanhood, that we should have to reveal such a harrowing climax to a story so full of fine sentiments! But the truth must be told. The poor husband died of grief in the first year of his married life, because his wife, before six months were over, had run off with her footman!

From The London Quarterly Review.

THE "FIELD NATURALIST:" THE REV.
J. G. WOOD.*

"MY father's great distinction," says the Rev. Theodore Wood, "was that of being the pioneer in the work of popularizing natural history, and presenting it to the general public in the form of an alluring and deeply interesting study. He had many subsequent imitators, but he himself imitated no one. He found zoology a dull and dry study, open to none but the favored few; . . . he left it an open book of world-wide interest, needing no scholar to read or interpret it. . . . His was the pen that led other pens to write upon the subject. His was the enthusiasm that fired the enthusiasm of others; which made observers out of mechanics, and naturalists out of artisans. And together with ability and enthusiasm he united a dogged perseverance which enabled him to accomplish a work which,

even so far as its mere extent is concerned, very few men have excelled.

"Is it unbecoming in me, as his son, to say all this? I trust not."

Not many readers of the late Mr. Wood's works, not many who follow the story of his life as told in the pages before us, will think this eulogy errs by excess. The modest claim here made is well sustained by the record of many years of patient, zealous, fruitful labor; and the biography gives us in addition the picture of a rarely winning personality; a character in which high intelligence and poetic originality of thought, accurate observation and unflinching practical ability, were the obedient servants of a transparent purity of purpose and a sweetness of soul worthy of the loyal Christian whose scientific attainments strengthened his faith instead of crippling it. Such a character, such a life, are well worth studying.

The determining influence in Mr. Wood's life was undoubtedly that of his father, John Freeman Wood, a surgeon sufficiently distinguished to be acting as chemical lecturer at the Middlesex Hospital, when in 1827 the son was born to him whom he named John George, and who is known to so many lovers of natural history as "J. G. Wood," its ablest popularizer. It was the father's keen discernment and practical wisdom which decided that the frail, precocious child, with his infant passion for books, should not grow up in London "a playless day-dreamer," like poor young Coleridge, nor find an early grave in the monstrous city, but should be braced and strengthened for life's warfare by the liberal health-giving education of the fields and woods; should be a hardy swimmer, an agile runner, a bold climber and explorer, and should study the glorious open book of nature more than the printed pages, which the boy nevertheless continued to delight in. The removal of the family to Oxford where "Johnny Wood" was in his fourth year, gave full scope for this plan, which succeeded to admiration. Not only was the slight, sickly frame endowed by athletic exercise with a surprising power of physical endurance, but the eyes of the mind were opened to the beauty and glory of the myriad life to be found in woodland and field and stream, and the lifelong craving for reading in "nature's infinite book of secrecy" was awakened. His father's microscope, his father's instructions, the treasures of the Ashmolean Museum early laid open to him, fed the growing flame; and the bent of his mind

* The Rev. J. G. Wood; His Life and Work. By the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S. Cassell & Company, Limited. 1890.

was quite fixed when, at eleven years old, he was deemed fit to bear the strict discipline of school.

At Ashbourne Grammar School in Derbyshire, at Merton College in Oxford, the natural history studies went on hand in hand with the literary requirement, needful for one who was fully bent on entering the Church. He acquitted himself very honorably in these latter, and succeeded in paying his own expenses throughout his university career, supplementing by tutor's work the Jackson scholarship which he gained very soon after entering college. When not quite twenty he had already taken his B. A. degree, and therefore had to wait some years before he was eligible for ordination. The time was well filled up by tutorship, and by two years of most profitable study in the Anatomical Museum at Christ Church under the regius professor of anatomy, Dr. — now Sir Henry — Acland. Those two years enriched him with the knowledge of anatomy and classification, taught him to look behind the beautiful shows of animated nature for the principles governing those phenomena, and enabled him to seize that "great and all important law — that structure depends on habit — which afterwards formed the key-note to so much of his writings." His early experience had taught him what and how to observe; he now knew how to interpret; and his equipment for his particular service was complete.

It is significant of the course his life was to assume that his first book — a small natural history for "the general reader," was written and published already, when in 1852 he received ordination from Samuel Wilberforce, and entered, full of enthusiasm, on the duties of his first curacy. There were many gaps and chasms in his regular work as a clergyman, and in 1873 it practically terminated; but his zealous toil as a naturalist, intermitted only through physical disablement, was carried on under the very shadow of death, and perhaps hastened death itself by the heroic perseverance with which he pursued it. There is much of attraction in the story of that part of Mr. Wood's distinctly clerical career which is covered by the eleven years in which he acted as a sort of honorary curate to the vicar of Erith, the venerable C. J. Smith, and the seven years during which he held the precentorship of the Canterbury Diocesan Choral Union. At Erith he succeeded in raising the services of the parish church from the very nadir of slovenly irrever-

ence to a high pitch of attractiveness and efficiency; and his success in calling a highly trained choir into existence out of what seemed hopeless chaos procured for him the difficult post of precentor, entailing the conducting and arranging of the annual festivals of the choirs in the majestic cathedral of Canterbury. The pressure of other duties compelled his resignation in 1875 of this work, in which he had greatly delighted. In this connection there is a pleasant story of the origin of the fine processional hymn, "Forward be our watchword," first sung with "almost overwhelming effect" at Canterbury in the festival of 1869. Dean Alford, at Mr. Wood's request, had written both the words and the air, after the exacting precentor had returned an "admirable hymn" to its excellent author, as "not adapted to be sung on the march." The good dean, taking the audacious advice to compose his processional while slowly walking along the course marked out for the procession, shortly forwarded the manuscript of his grand hymn to the adviser, "with a humorous little note to the effect that the dean had written the hymn and put it into its hat and boots, and that Mr. Wood might add the coat and trousers for himself;" a request Mr. Wood had to seek professional aid to meet; for the "hat and boots" were the bass and treble parts only, and the precentor dared not rely on his own imperfect knowledge of harmony to supply the parts omitted.

There is no little beauty in this record of congenial work cheerfully accomplished; but we may not linger on it, for it is not on this account that the memory of J. G. Wood is most precious. Little as he may once have anticipated it, his best service to God and man was to be rendered not as a clergyman of the Establishment, but as a teacher and expounder of the Creator's beautiful working in the visible world; and to this office, by a kind of providential compulsion, he was finally shut up. He had been obliged to resign his first curacy, because it united an utterly inadequate salary to work so heavy as to debar him from supplementing the poor pay by any extra effort of his own; he had been forced to renounce his chaplaincy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital by the pernicious effect of residence in London on his own health and his wife's; his clerical services at Erith, rendered gratuitously during nine years and more, came to an end in 1873, when Archdeacon Smith died, and a successor of alien views was appointed. The radical differences of opinion between this

gentleman and Mr. Wood put an end to the connection of the latter with the parish church at Erith; but he did not therefore cease to exercise his ministerial functions, and to the end of his life did much in the way of taking Sunday duty, or preaching, that he might lighten the labor of brother clerics.

Of his pulpit utterances, original, impressive, sometimes startling, little written record remains; for unlike many Anglican preachers he did not *read* his sermons, carefully and anxiously as he prepared them, but trusted to very brief notes, intelligible to himself alone. Some idea of the individuality and the lovely suggestiveness of these discourses is supplied by a "fairly accurate" abstract of one of the "Flower" sermons, in which he excelled, and for which he generally chose a verse from Isaiah xl., bringing out forcibly the really beneficent purpose of that "change and decay" in the visible world, over which less healthy thinkers love to mourn. The "telling force" of such a sermon did, however, undoubtedly depend on the personal magnetism, the intense earnestness, of the speaker, as is the case with all genuine oratory—a power of the moment and the hour, like music and song. This preacher also understood well how to rivet attention by surprising it; and it is in every way a characteristic story which shows him to us on one occasion "treating of the various phases of modern infidelity, especially as shown in the atheistic writings of a certain well-known platform orator . . . 'If,' said he, 'that man were to confront me, and to ask me whether or not I thought that I possessed a soul, I think that I should astonish him not a little by my answer. For if that question were put to me, I should say, no.' Of course, there was absolute silence in all parts of the church. Every eye was fixed on the preacher who could give vent to such an appalling doctrine; every ear was eagerly waiting for the next words; the clergy in the chancel stalls were obviously most uncomfortable, and wondering whether such a statement ought to be permitted to pass unchallenged. Then he went on with his sentence. 'Man has no soul. Man *has* a body; man *is* a soul.'

In this anecdote there is a glimmer of the very keen sense of humor abundantly evinced in other parts of the biography, but there is something much more important. There is implied that spirituality of thought which informed all his scientific teaching, leading him to use the word "phenomena" in its strictest and only

rational sense—the sense of passing shows, revealing the working of an eternal power. He had seized the deep inner meaning of the divine saying that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal;" and his lifelong pursuit of science, with this clue to guide him, did but fix more immovably his conviction that among these eternal things must be classed the spirit of man, itself an emanation from the Deity. "Who is life itself, essential, eternal, and universal." Therefore he ranked the body only as one among the possessions of man, who *is* "a living soul;" and therefore he looked fearlessly, looked even with reverent admiration on the working of the "destructive principle" in the material universe.

"Death, so-called," says he in a memorable passage, after dwelling on its "beneficent influence" in nature, "is the best guardian of the human race, and its preserver from the most terrible selfishness and the direst immorality. If men were unable to form any conception of a future state, and were forced to continue in the present phase of existence to all eternity, they would naturally turn their endeavors to collecting as much as possible of the things which afford sensual pleasure; and each would lead an individual and selfish life, with no future for which to hope, and no aim at which to aspire."

These words occur in no sermon, but in the second "Natural History" produced by Mr. Wood for popular use, an important work, prepared with lavish care, and published in three bulky octavo volumes, into which the writer "put perhaps his best work." We may not follow him further into the vein of thought opened up here, rich as it is in suggestion, and not entirely free from difficulty and risk; but we may note that, appearing where it does, the passage aptly illustrates one of the leading principles actuating Mr. Wood as an author, "namely, that in writing books of such a character as his own, religious instruction, while it should never be brought obtrusively forward, could and should always be afforded by implication."

Such teaching, pervasive and unobtrusive as the air we breathe, was not difficult to one who saw the Divine in every work of God, and who was deeply convinced that "God can make no one thing that is not universal in its teachings, if we would only be so taught; if not, the fault is with the pupils, not with the teacher. He writes his ever-living words in all the works of his hand; he spreads this ample

book before us, always ready to teach, if we will only learn. We walk in the midst of miracles with closed eyes and stopped ears, dazzled and bewildered with the light, fearful and distrustful of the word."

To open shut eyes to these daily unrecognized miracles, to break down the needless screen interposed by pompous, often half-barbarous scientific terminology, and thus reveal the vital facts concealed behind it, this writer gladly accepted as his appointed task. The long catalogue of his efforts to that end really arouses admiring astonishment, when we take note of the many physical disadvantages he had to contend with—the numerous accidents that befell him, a man who hardly could fall without breaking a bone; the permanent injury inflicted thereby on his hard-working right hand; the short sight that interfered with the service of his eyes; the husky voice and the tendency to stammer that threatened his usefulness as a preacher and lecturer; all these hindrances were valiantly overcome; when the pen became impossible he made himself expert with the type-writer, which he used skilfully even when travelling by rail; the stammer was mastered early, and the husky voice did not prevent him from becoming a singularly distinct and effective speaker, whose clear and careful enunciation was perfectly heard in the largest buildings; and nothing but absolute disablement could make the heavily taxed worker intermit his work. His whole story is an inspiring record of victory over circumstances, won by a good and faithful servant whose service ceased only with life.

The little "Natural History," published in 1851, was the precursor of many other books on kindred themes. Some of these were chiefly designed for the young, some were of loftier scope and deeper teaching; the last was written so lately as 1887. All were animated by the sunny, hopeful, loving spirit of their author. "Common Objects of the Country," which appeared in 1853, achieved perhaps the greatest popularity; next to it must be placed "Homes Without Hands," a book more intimately associated with J. G. Wood's name and fame than any other of those in which he expatiated so attractively on the "common" wonders that lurk unsuspected beside our daily path. He did not rest content, however, with this sort of hand-book work. In "My Feathered Friends" we find him holding a brief for the ill-used birds of the air, for blackbird and thrush, finch and rook and sparrow, owl and kes-

trel, who compensate for their plundering of field and garden and game-preserve by services incalculably great, both against the insect pests of the farmer and the gardener, and against mouse and rat and rabbit, whose fast multiplying life would be noxious by excess. Here as elsewhere he adduced proof that destruction is conservation, when the exquisitely adjusted machinery of nature is allowed to work, when ignorant man does not mar it by his interference. "Horse and Man," a much later production, excited a storm of controversy, not yet lulled, by its bold attack on "the utter absurdity of the treatment almost invariably received by the horse;" man, in Mr. Wood's opinion, greatly injuring this inestimable servant, and not benefiting himself, by the injudicious usage, the senseless practices of which both draught and saddle horses, but especially the former, are too often the victims. The venerable institution of the horse-shoe, emblem of good luck and hallowed by hoary superstition, was vigorously attacked in this book, as a piece of mere barbarism. It is at least a curious incident that when the author, in 1883-84, went on a lecturing tour to the United States, he found the "cult of the horse-shoe" devoutly observed by atheistic Americans; the very artisan who is a blasphemous scoffer at the Bible, who greets the name of God with ribald jeers, disclaims the possession of a soul, and denies a future state, is a happy man if he can *accidentally* find a cast horse-shoe. He will polish it lovingly, will nail it over his door, will deny himself food in order to gild it, and will speak of it with a pious reverence, which he insolently refuses to the holiest mysteries of religion. "This is not second-hand," says Mr. Wood, who spoke with personal knowledge of the grotesque freak, which, strange as it seems, is not stranger than other vagaries into which the wretched human soul has been betrayed through renouncing allegiance to the only rightful objects of our religious trust and love.

In "Man and Beast, Here and Hereafter," a subject was handled over which the author had long been brooding. He brought forward what he held to be "an overwhelming mass of evidence, both Scriptural and other," in favor of the "absolute immortality" of animals; not claiming for them, however, in the life to come that equality with man which they do not possess in this life, not attempting in any sense to bridge the "impassable gulf" which he, who was no thorough

going evolutionist, ever recognized between the highest brute and the lowest human being, but yet claiming for animals a higher status in creation than human pride has been willing to allow them. "I do so chiefly," he says, "because I am quite sure that most of the cruelties which are perpetrated on the animals are due to the habit of considering them as mere machines, without susceptibilities, without reason, and without the capacity of a future."

A modern Francis of Assisi, he gladly recognized brotherhood and worthiness in inferior creatures; not unawares, like the Ancient Mariner, but with full knowledge, he blessed the "happy living things" about him, and resented their wrongs with the fiery indignation of a loving heart. Naturalists, so called, who have no love for nature, whose only desire when they see an animal is to kill and to dissect it, were odious to him, whose joy was to observe life in all its wondrous manifestations, not merely to anatomize the dead organisms by which it had ceased to work. And whether we agree with him or not as to the spiritual powers of animals and their "capacity of a future," we must do homage to the feeling which inspired his views—to the gentle nature and the kindly sympathy which enabled him at once to "make friends" with any animal, to play unharmed with the most savage-tempered dog, to walk scatheless among the lions and tigers of menageries, handling them freely without annoying them, and to look far into the secret of the lives of his countless "pets," whose history, as recounted by himself in various books, forms a very fascinating chapter of his writings.

Among the more serious literary efforts on which he spent much time, toil, and curious research, we must rank the "Natural History of Man," "Man and his Handiwork," and "The Dominion of Man," books practically on one subject, and forming a trilogy of great interest, though published at considerable intervals. For the first of these, which supplies an exhaustive history of the savage races of mankind, he had brought together an all but unrivalled collection of savage implements and ornaments and articles of dress; and these must have greatly aided him in preparing the second, which traced out "the gradual development of human tools, weapons, utensils, clothing, and ornament," from the pre-historic relics unearthed by geologists downwards. Somewhat similar ground was covered by a

previous work, published in 1876, called "Nature's Teaching;" in both was shown the analogy between man's inventions of tools, instruments, weapons, and the tools, instruments, and weapons supplied by great nature to man's inferiors in the animal world, for *their* varied needs—"striking anticipations of human invention" being found to have existed countless ages before man, the inventor, hit upon them for himself. The wonder-working human hand, the manifold power of the human mind, so immeasurably differing from mind or limb of any lower animal, meet with ample recognition in these works, which irresistibly suggest some measure of the Divine Creator's special inspiration as belonging to the being who thinks out for himself methods so closely approaching that Divine Creator's own methods.

"The Dominion of Man," published quite recently by Bentley, with its motto from Gen. ix. 2, bears out the promise of title and motto by dealing with the whole matter of man's sovereignty over the animal world; and, as in the "Natural History of Man," modern discovery and science, shedding light on man's sovereignty in pre-historic times, were made to bear their witness on the author's side. This book, written in 1887, was the last which Mr. Wood lived to complete. His contributions to periodical literature extended over very many years, and appeared in a great variety of magazines; they were marked by all the freshness, the easy grace, and the originality of their writer's other work; and continuing, as they did, even after the author's death, to appear in some popular periodicals, they are too recent in the public memory to call for extended notice here. It is indeed not within our competence now to do full justice to the varied achievements of so indefatigable a worker; we may only indicate the manner and the spirit of his work. And it may be truly said that a reverent delight in God and in God's work pervaded all his achievements, not being more present when, by bringing out the real facts about "Bible Animals," he was aiding in the right understanding of Scripture, than when he was dwelling on the ways and doings of "Insects at Home," "Insects Abroad," or on the minute marvels of "Ant Life."

Perhaps no part of the biography is more characteristic or more racy than the considerable section devoted to Mr. Wood's doings as a lecturer on natural history. He was still engaged in this career at his death in 1889, having first

resolved to take it up as "a kind of secondary profession" in 1879; though so early as 1856 he had begun to give occasional lectures, with very good success. Some trouble that was connected with the necessary diagrams had the fortunate result of leading him to begin the "Sketch Lectures," in which he was *facile princeps*. He not only discovered in himself an unsuspected talent for "descriptive freehand drawing," but soon learned that audiences were more interested in even roughly extemporized sketches than in the most carefully prepared diagrams. Therefore he cultivated and perfected his peculiar gift with a patient skill that speedily made him one of the most attractive lecturers that ever discoursed upon science. Beginning with mere outlines in white chalk on a colossal blackboard, he soon passed on to the use of colored pastels, with which, by an art akin to that of the scene-painter, he succeeded in rapidly improvising on a very large scale drawings which at the proper distance had all the effect of "highly finished pictures, in colors of great beauty," an achievement surely very remarkable in a short-sighted man who had received no artistic education at all. Faultlessly correct, even to anatomical correctness, exact in proportion, these drawings were made with a swift certainty that does not cease to be surprising when we know it to be the result of very careful previous preparation.

"I looked as well as listened," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaking of the charming lecture on "Pond and Stream," "and saw the stickleback and his little aquatic neighbors grow up on the black canvas from a mere outline to perfect creatures, resplendent in their many-colored uniforms. The lecture had much that was agreeable, but the colored chalk improvisation was fascinating."

There is charm and interest in the story of all connected with these lectures, even to the skill which overcame by repeated experiment all the difficulties attending the construction of a large, light, strong drawing-screen, easily portable, and of a suitable packing-case — which last article, when brought into use, earned for itself the nickname of "Lord Crawford," about the time when that nobleman's body so mysteriously disappeared; the case looking "dreadfully suggestive of a corpse," and arousing dire suspicion in railway officials, who insisted on its being opened for their inspection. The lectures on "Ant Life," "Spider Life," and "Life under Water," on "The Whale" and

"The Horse;" on such "Unappreciated Insects" as the cockroach, the earwig, the blue-bottle fly, and the gnat; and on a host of cognate subjects, were delivered in the United States, and in Ireland and Scotland as well as England; everywhere they met with cordial and delighted appreciation. The sums realized by all the untiring industry that astonishes and all the varied ability that delights us in the story of Mr. Wood's career as lecturer and author, were, however, almost insignificant when compared with the power lavished on his work and the popularity it commanded; and this was due chiefly to Mr. Wood's curious lack of the business faculty, rendering his labors far more profitable to others than to himself. "Any one who would could cheat him." Honorable himself, and far more concerned to do good work than make great profits, he did not suspect guile and avarice in others; and all his life long he remained largely ignorant of arithmetic, though he loved Euclid. "I very much question," says his son, "whether he ever mastered the multiplication table;" a deficiency not unexampled in schoolboys of the earlier generation that deemed "a sound classical education" the one great requisite for a gentleman and a scholar; yet it remains another among the curious flaws in the equipment of a very competent worker, which seem only to render him more lovable by making him appear more thoroughly human.

The "log" of Mr. Wood's first American tour, faithfully written up for the benefit of his home circle, is such very amusing reading that one sighs over the dearth of other journals from his pen. His comments on the varied "humors" of life in the United States — on the violent caprices of the weather, the vagaries of negro waiters, the guileful doings of the "heathen Chinee," bland and child-like lover and smuggler of opium; on the too-obvious causes of the prevalent dyspepsia, and on the periodical electioneering fever; have a freshness and crispness they must have lacked if originally written for publication. Not all peculiarities of Transatlantic civilization appealed to him favorably. He preferred English "serfdom" to American "freedom," and pronounced the incessant elections "the curse of the country." "I was told yesterday," he writes, "that 'presidential year' costs the country about as much as the whole expenses of the late war." The horrors of the Yankee pie, its crust resembling the sole of an india-rubber shoe; the as-

toundingly vulgar speech of the lovely and by no means vulgar maidens; the boorish ways of the average citizen, the nasal shrillness of the national intonation, and the total insufficiency of hotel tea-pots and tea-makers, are all dwelt on with lively emphasis, amid a host of other quaint features of American life. But in the sharpest of his criticisms there is no ill-humor. The reception given to him was evidently cordial with a cordiality that greatly delighted him, as gracious as it was warm; and the country, as a whole, so attracted him that he seriously thought of fixing his abode in it. "This last idea," says his son, "fortunately, as I think, for himself, was not carried out." And his second Transatlantic tour, unfortunately timed when the electioneering mania was at its maddest, and mismanaged by his agent, was so unsuccessful as to leave him quite content with his sphere of work at home.

He died in harness. The immediate cause of death was plainly a neglected cold, caught on the platform of a Scotch railway station one bitterly cold and windy day in 1889; but there are not wanting indications that excessive brain-work, alternating with excessive locomotion, were at last breaking down the constitution which, hardened by a thorough athletic education, had served him admirably during many years of surprising activity. Curiously enough, he had looked forward to the fatal Scottish lecturing tour with real dread, and departed for it under the shadow of unusual gloom. Something of this was due to his experience of the terrible slowness, the weary waiting, and the wretched accommodation attendant on Scotch railway travelling; yet he had passed unharmed through these on former Scottish tours, which had succeeded well in every way, earning for him many friends, who were now gladly waiting to welcome him again.

He perhaps reckoned on throwing off the cold he had caught with his wonted ease, and when it clung to him painfully, he did not take alarm. Internal inflammation set in; and, still unconscious of danger, he refused to see a local doctor, and went on with his work. His last lecture was delivered after his return from Scotland, on Friday, February 28, 1889, at Burton-on-Trent, his programme not having yet taken him home. The lecture was as interesting as ever, the drawings as rapid and exact, but the lecturer was in evident suffering, and concluded his remarks a little abruptly. He went on to

Coventry, in disregard of friendly advice to rest. He had to lecture at Coventry on the Monday; but on the way his illness increased too rapidly, and at last he knew his peril. The physician summoned by Mrs. Bray, his friend and hostess at Coventry, found him suffering from acute peritonitis, with no visible chance of recovery. This could not be concealed from the patient, who required to be told the truth; but it did not disturb his composure. Apprised that he might not outlive the next day, he remained calm; his thoughts were clear, his soul at peace. "The true and brave spirit, with whom to live is toil, . . . is conscious that even death is a new birth into life." To this effect he had written long before; now he lived out his own words. His last interval of ease was employed in carefully writing a farewell letter to the wife whose love had been with him through thirty years of the pure, glad, domestic life that is rather implied than revealed to us. Two hours were spent over this letter; nothing in it was superfluous or incoherent; nothing hinted of haste; the very handwriting was firm and clear, not like the work of a dying man. This last duty of love accomplished, he lay still for nearly two hours more "absorbed in prayer and meditation." Then the thirst of the dying came upon him, and in asking for drink, and indicating the kind of vessel from which in his mortal weakness he could take it, he showed that he still possessed his whole mind in clearness and self-mastery. Immediately after receiving the last draught he "turned his head upon one side, and calmly passed away."

Such an entry into eternal life well seemed one whose mortal life was the finest illustration yet given of the often-quoted, much-controverted lines of Coleridge:—

He prayeth best who loveth best
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE POST-OFFICE IN CHINA.

MANY writers decry the monopoly of the post-office, others speak of it as a necessary evil, some defend it as an unmixed good; but, as a matter of fact, if not of principle, "it is universally admitted in all

lands that the conduct of the correspondence of the people is one of the proper functions of government."

However true this may be of other countries, it is most certainly not the case — nor ever has been the case — in the oldest of all countries, China. Collectors of postage stamps will produce their half-dozen specimens, labelled "CHINA," in protest against this doctrine. Are these not, they will ask, Chinese stamps — stamps issued by an imperial Chinese post-office? We are prepared sorrowfully to admit, they will say, that the existence of stamps does not necessarily imply the existence of a post-office. The beautiful set of "Sedangs" placed on our market two years or so ago were not intended for use in that brilliant invention of "King Marie I.," the kingdom of Deh Sedang; they were designed rather for the voracious but unwary collector. Still these China stamps of ours have been used to frank letters in China; nay, the hieroglyphics upon them are said to read "Post-office of the Ta Ch'ing State." This, indeed, is true; but, for all that, the stamps are not entitled to rank as imperial stamps of China. The Chinese government, as every one knows, looks with grave suspicion on change of any kind, and particularly on change advocated by the intruding foreigner. Still it has been, reluctantly enough, obliged to confess that, as regards mere material power (civilization it would be loth to call it), the barbarian States of the West have, or seem to have, the advantage. The foreigners who, through miscellaneous motives, continue to press what they call schemes of reform upon China have urged upon her the adoption of various wealth-producing systems, as railways, mints, telegraphs, post-offices. The wealth China was very anxious indeed to secure; it meant power, and power meant the expulsion of the intruders and a relapse into dignified nothingness. But to make experiment of these new-fangled schemes on the old soil of China was distasteful in the extreme. Fortunately there was Formosa, hardly yet an integral part of the empire, and for that reason a capital place for experiments of this sort. To Formosa was carried the plant of the unlucky Wusung Railway, which foreigners had presumed to lay between Shanghai and Wusung, as what the Americans love to call "an object lesson." And in Formosa, some years later, was started the first official attempt at a post-office. The collectors of postage stamps will probably possess two large,

square labels inscribed "FORMOSA — CHINA," gay with galloping horses and squirming dragons. These were ordered some four years ago from a well-known English firm of engravers and duly shipped to Formosa. There a scheme was on foot for the conveyance of postal matter, private as well as official, by means of the government couriers. Each stamp of twenty cash was to frank a letter or packet one stage — the distance that a hardy donkey could run without a meal. Unfortunately, the stamps, though most beautifully executed, did not commend themselves to the consignees. In their stead the first native attempt at a postage stamp appeared. It is simply a piece of the coarse, thin Chinese paper an inch and a half broad by three inches long, labelled in Chinese thus: "FORMOSA POSTAL STAMP" (or, in the earlier issue, "FORMOSA MERCANTILE STAMP"). "Weight — ounces; Kuang-hsü — year — month — day — hour. Sent to —." The blanks are filled up by hand as thus: "Weight '3 ounce; 10 o'clock on the 13th of the 1st month of the 16th year of Kuang-hsü. Sent to Hobé." There is a counterfoil, and on the space between is printed "No. —, postage —." A red seal is impressed on stamp and counterfoil; the stamp is cut from its foil and pasted on the envelope. The same red seal is again impressed, this time on stamp and envelope, and the letter is ready to start.

Observe that in the earlier issue these labels were inscribed "Mercantile stamp," for they were intended to frank private correspondence. I could not, when I was in Formosa a short time ago, discover that they had ever been used by private individuals at all; the only specimens I have met with came from the covers of official despatches. The reason was not hard to guess; the Chinese public do not consider the conveyance of their correspondence as part of the functions of government. They have, indeed, a profound distrust of most or all government functions, and would infinitely prefer to convey their correspondence themselves.

Before I endeavor to explain their usual method of managing this, I may be allowed to dispose of the foreign-made FORMOSA and CHINA postage stamps. The history of the former is curious, and perhaps unique. They lay for some time in one of the brand-new *yaméns* — public offices — of the brand-new city of Taipeh (Formosa North), their existence almost forgotten. Meanwhile the other experiment of the energetic governor — the railway

— was being pushed forward as energetically as his very slow-going, native subordinates would allow. At last a section was complete, and two little stations erected. Each had its ticket office and its booking clerk. (When I saw him of Taipeh, he was asleep in a long, cane chair, while a crony sat nodding over a pipe). The ticket offices were there, but the tickets had been forgotten. In this emergency the English chief engineer bethought him of the foreign postage stamps, which it was agreed on all hands were too good to be wasted. They were produced, surcharged "office of trade" instead of "post-office," and "ten cents" in place of "twenty cash." Then they were sold to the would-be railway traveller at ten for the dollar. When the ticket collector came round, the passenger pulled out his sheet of stamps and detached one. All was, at that time, simplicity; there was but one class available to the ordinary public — the third class. You could only go to one station, and the fare to that was a postage stamp.

The CHINA adhesives have had a less chequered career. It is some fourteen years ago since the German commissioner of customs at Tientsin started what he trusted would prove the nucleus of a Chinese State post-office. His couriers were to run daily to Peking, and twice a week or so to Chefoo Newchwang and Chinkiang. In other respects the service was to be assimilated to the ordinary European model, and of course there were postage stamps. The scheme has been extremely useful to foreigners in Peking at all seasons of the year, and to their countrymen at the northern ports when frozen in for the three winter months. But south of Chefoo it has never taken root, so excellently served are the residents by the numerous foreign post-offices. As for the Chinese themselves, outside of the customs native staff it is doubtful if the service is even known to anybody, much less used by anybody. They say that, with pardonable misconception, the first postmen (who then wore uniforms) were arrested by the local magistrates as vagrants; nowadays they pass a quieter, if less gaudy, existence in *mufiti*.

Perhaps the arrests, if such took place, were due to suspicion on the part of the authorities that the privileges of the State Courier Service were being infringed. For many centuries public despatches have been conveyed through China by means of a department of the Board of War. Post-roads, originally excellent but

now disgraceful, radiate from Peking to all parts of the empire, and at distances regulated by the nature of the country are stations where a supply of horses is supposed to be kept — much as in Siberia — for the furthering of official correspondence. Despite the badness of the roads and the generally dilapidated condition of the ponies (they are hardly big enough to be called horses), surprising distances are, on urgent occasions, covered by this means. In theory the greatest speed is some two hundred miles a day, and it is claimed that this is often actually attained. But in this, for China, rapid means of communication the general public is not permitted to share, any more than it may in England avail itself of the services of a queen's messenger.

It is not to be imagined that a veritable nation of shopkeepers like the Chinese would remain, owing to this refusal of their government to convey their correspondence, destitute of a postal service. They have indeed a very complete system of their own, entirely independent of the State. In every town of any size may be seen ten or a dozen shops with the sign *Hsin Chü*, "letter-office," or postal establishment, suspended outside. Their business is to carry, not letters only, but small parcels, packets of silver, and the like, usually to other towns in the same province, but also on occasion to other provinces. They are in fact general carriers, or, perhaps it would be fairer to say, they occupy much the same position in China now as did the "agents" at Harwich or Dover of the postmaster-general at the beginning of the eighteenth century — so miscellaneous are the packages committed to their charge. They have no fixed tariff varying according to weight, and there appears to be no limit, within reason, to the size of letters or parcels they will carry. The charge for letters is fairly constant, but in estimating the cost of conveyance of parcels the size and shape alone seem to be taken into account. A rough calculation is then made, which the sender is at liberty — if he can — to abate. In fact, the transmission of parcels is regarded as being quite as much a matter of bargaining as the purchase of a pig. As there is no monopoly, each post-office tries to underbid its rivals, and competition sometimes verges on the ludicrous. Since the institution of female post-office clerks in England, how many complaints (doubtless quite groundless) have there not been from would-be purchasers of stamps who have been kept waiting at the

counter while the postmistress and her assistant compared notes on last Sunday's fashions? In China this deplorable state of things is reversed. There each post-office has its touts, who go round at very short intervals to each place of business to beg for the privilege of forwarding their letters. The bankers are the best customers, and as post-time draws near (post-time is fixed at the open ports by the departure of the local steamer) you will see a tout enter a bank and interrupt the clerks with an entreaty to be allowed to convey the letters they have not yet copied. He is dismissed for half an hour, and meanwhile two or three rivals will appear with the same request. The lucky man is he who happens to come in as the letters are sealed.

Prepayment is optional, no fine being levied on unpaid letters. Postage is known euphemistically as "wine allowance," and on the cover of the letter is always noted the amount paid, or due. Postage stamps have never, apparently, been thought of. Some day it will dawn upon one of these benighted firms how vast are the benefits of our stamp system. He will then hasten to supply himself with a varied and picturesque series, which he will dispose of to Western timbromaniacs at a highly satisfactory profit. Meanwhile his native customers, as a rule, do not prepay their postage, partly because a Chinaman hates to pay out money when he can possibly avoid it, and partly because he considers that his letter is far more likely to be carried safely and speedily to its destination if the carriers have an interest in its prompt delivery. The question is not, as was the case in England fifty or sixty years ago, in any way a sentimental one; no Chinaman is so unreasonable as to feel insulted at having nothing to pay on his letters. Custom only requires two classes of correspondence to be prepaid in full — letters to indigent relatives, and begging epistles.

But where valuables are conveyed the sender must declare them, and must pay a small premium of insurance. Premium or no premium, however, the post-office is responsible, and compensation for property lost in the mails can always be enforced by appeal to the district magistrate. Not only does the Chinese sender get in full what our own post-office has only grudgingly granted in part, but when he has to pay a premium it is exceedingly small —

often less than a farthing in the pound. It may be worth noticing that the Chinese have, for I am afraid to say how many years, employed postal notes for small remittances.

Every letter sent or received is entered in a book — that is to say, is practically registered. And for this registration you have no twopenny fee to pay, or any vexatious regulation to observe in the matter of your envelope. Furthermore, the post-office will give you credit. An account will be opened with you, which you need only settle once a month, or at longer intervals still if your credit be good.

So far, who shall say that our State monopoly is an advantage as compared with the freely competing private post-offices of China? But are these trustworthy? it will be asked. Foreign missionaries living in the interior declare that they are, and gladly make use of them. A Chinese firm of any standing is not less honest in its dealings than a similar firm in England, and it should be remembered that these post-offices pledge their credit. It is true that highways in China are not always safe — though they are safer than was Hounslow Heath last century. The argument would tell equally against a State post; but, as a matter of fact, it is of comparatively little consequence, for the post-offices arrange things so as to give every one concerned, gentry of the road included, the least possible trouble; they pay a regular subsidy to the highwaymen.

The only advantage that a State post could offer would be a reduction in the rates between distant points in the empire; but even that would be gained by an increased cost in local delivery. Some day, no doubt, China will be prevailed on by her foreign advisers to assert her right to control the people's correspondence; but the day seems far distant. Perhaps, when it dawns, we in the West will have come round to the present views of the Chinese public on this point, and have decided that it is pleasanter to feel that we are conferring a favor by sending our letters through a grateful post-office than to have to worry a postmaster-general into doing badly what a private company could do better. Why should we not imitate the Chinese, and educate our postmasters into going round to beg for our letters? It would be far more agreeable than posting them ourselves, and there would be, literally, no call for boy messengers.

From The National Review.

THE DIET OF GREAT MEN.

THE absence of information respecting Shakespeare's habits is lamented by all admirers of that most marvellous genius. True, Hamlet, King Lear, the Merchant of Venice, Othello, and Macbeth can be reverently studied in spite of ignorance of so much we should like to know as to the author's private life; and it is possible that the more we knew of Shakespeare's character and habits the less would be our respect. The "Life of Carlyle" did not increase the general veneration for that eccentric thinker; while John Stuart Mill, and, some critics assert, George Eliot also, were not gainers by the compromising facts their biographies brought to light. Nevertheless the world will always value anything which can be learnt about its greatest men and women, and even in such a trifling matter as the particular food they preferred, and the beverages they liked the best, any reliable information cannot fail to be of general interest; the difficulty is to be certain of our facts, more particularly concerning men who have long passed away. The greatest possible care has been taken in what follows to refer to original authorities and to insure accuracy, but I cannot be sure that my statements will command universal approval.

While on the subject of abstinence in food, may I be pardoned for mentioning that many years ago, when a schoolboy, I tried how cheaply I could live, and found that I was able to get, in summer, everything I required in the shape of good, wholesome food for 3s. 6½d. a week. Of course I had little meat, and kept principally to fruit and vegetables, which I could buy cheap, as I was near a large town. As a touching instance of the sufferings of the poor, and the small sum on which life can be supported when the wages admit of nothing more luxurious, I make no apology for giving the diet sheet of a "sandwich man;" it was published a short time ago in the *Record of the London City Mission*. He only earned 7s. a week, and, acting on Mr. Micawber's excellent advice and keeping well within his income, spent 6s. 10d. His week's food cost 2s. 1½d.; six days' lodging, 2s.; soap, 1½d.; washing, 4d.; medicine, 2d.; shaving, 1d.; and a pair of boots, or some other article of clothing, 2s. His daily food allowance of 4½d. was thus distributed: dinner, 1d.; supper and breakfast, bread, 1½d.; butter, 1d.; tea and sugar, 1d. Soon after the production of this curious balance-sheet he died in Guy's

Hospital. He once earned £10 a week, but, like thousands of our countrymen, was ruined by drink, the bane of rich and poor, clergymen and sinners. It was strange retribution that the boards he carried advertised the "Profligate." But to leave this poor wanderer, and to pass on to men who were some of them, perhaps, not greater sinners though far more highly placed, and so have been more leniently judged.

Swift suffered from chronic indigestion, brought on, it is said, in youth by a surfeit of fruit, though a more improbable cause could hardly have been assigned; this effectually kept him from great excesses at table. When enrolled a member of the famous Brothers' Club, he often complained of the ill effects which followed the club dinners and suppers. His solitary meals at Dublin were extremely simple; a mutton pie and a half a pint of wine were his ordinary bill of fare. Everything connected with Swift is of great interest, and it is curious that in his case a certain able clergyman, whose intuitive knowledge of physic would have done credit to one of our great living surgical luminaries, suggested that an operation should be attempted which, in our day, has in similar circumstances met with signal success, though in the last century it could not have been successful. Sir Walter Scott mentions, in the "Life of Dean Swift," that "a few days afterwards he sank into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not without great difficulty be prevailed on to walk across the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stephens, an ingenious clergyman of his chapter, pronounced this to be the case during his illness, and, upon opening his head after death, it appeared that he had not been mistaken; but though he often entreated the dean's friends and physicians that his skull might be trepanned and the water discharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or advice." Swift remained from October, 1742, to October, 1745, in a deplorable condition and then passed away.

Pope's physical feebleness compelled him also to be very careful as to his regimen. "Two bites and a sup more than your stint," wrote Swift, "will cost you more than other men pay for a regular debauch." One day, to give an instance of his abstemiousness, he was entertaining two friends, and when four glasses of wine had gone round (and such an allowance was, in those riotous times,

regarded as rigid abstinence), the Wasp of Twickenham rose and retired, observing: "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." He was fond of highly seasoned dishes, and liked his friends to send him delicacies. When lampreys adorned the board, he always did them justice; indeed, his death, like that of King Henry I., has been partly attributed to over-indulgence in them. By the way, as every schoolboy knows, John Lackland died, some say, of a debauch of beer and peaches; others credit the monks of Newark with poisoning him; while others, again, attribute his death to the mental disturbance brought on by the loss of his treasure in the Wash. The first Napoleon's fondness for mutton and garlic is generally known, and it has been contended, and possibly with some reason, that had he been more abstemious at the time of the battle of Leipsic, that tremendous conflict might have ended differently. The emperor certainly had to quit the battle-field, an ugly rumor says from a severe attack of colic brought on by over-indulgence in one of his favorite but indigestible dishes. More merciful critics see in his illness that day the commencement of the cancer of the stomach which, seven years later, brought his life to a close, but cancer of the stomach usually runs a far more rapid course, so that the disease could hardly have begun in 1813.

Johnson declared bluntly: "He who does not mind his belly will not mind anything else;" and he asserted that "claret is the liquor for boys and port for men; but he who would be a hero must drink brandy." He, however, took very little alcohol, and during his later years was practically an abstainer.

My readers will recall the memorable and touching lines in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," when the latter was very near the end of his pilgrimage. The great lexicographer's life had been one continual illness; he had faced, and not altogether with impunity, many temptations and trials, and his earlier surroundings had been far from good, while the customs of the age permitted greater excesses than would now be tolerated in the higher walks of life. "Then," said Johnson, when his physician told him that his death was near, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiates, for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." In this resolution he persevered, using only the weakest kinds of sustenance. Being pressed by Mr. Windham to take some more generous nourish-

ment, lest too low a diet should debilitate his mind, and so have the very effect he dreaded, he answered, "I will take anything but inebriating sustenances." And thus this great and good man (for the verdict of his own day has been confirmed by that of posterity, and he was both, despite some warring of the flesh against the spirit) passed away, with his mind clear, his heart at rest, and the fear of death, which for years had haunted him, mercifully dispelled at the last, and the peace of God (for which he had yearned so long and prayed so earnestly, but, as it seemed, ineffectually) granted him in large measure when most needed. Cheerfully and calmly he passed away, not soothed by opiates nor stupefied by alcohol; and who can doubt that in quiet pastures beside the still waters of comfort he has received his reward? It is interesting to remember that he was for many years an uncompromising enemy of wine, and that he was, in his later years, loud in praise of water. "As we drove back to Ashbourne," says Boswell, "Dr. Johnson recommended to me, as he had often done, to drink water only. 'For,' said he, 'you are then sure not to get drunk; whereas if you drink wine, you are never sure.'" And this was not the only matter in which he was in advance of his contemporaries, and of most of ours too. Johnson liked satisfying food, such as a leg of pork, or veal pie well stuffed with plums and sugar, and he devoured enormous quantities of fruit, especially peaches. His inordinate love of tea has almost passed into a proverb; he has actually been credited with twenty-five cups at a sitting, and he would keep Mrs. Thrale brewing it for him till four o'clock in the morning. The following impromptu, spoken to Miss Reynolds, points its own moral:—

For hear, alas, the dreadful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown:
Thou can'st not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

Poor Boswell, in spite of his long intercourse with his great friend, sometimes forgot the lessons of his mentor, and occasionally indulged so freely in wine that he became the butt of stupid jokes. What other biographer would have recorded his own bad habits with such singular simplicity, though it is to that very candor and self-abnegation that half the value of his memorable work is due.

David Hume, after retiring from public life in 1769, devoted himself to cooking, as "the science to which I intend to ad-

dict the remaining years of my life. . . . I have just now lying on the table before me a receipt for making *soup à la reine*, copied with my own hand; for beef and cabbage, a charming dish, nobody excels me. I make also sheep's broth in a manner that Mr. Keith speaks of for eight days after; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it."

Gibbon was extremely fond of madeira, and declared that it was essential to his "health and reputation;" he would always gratify his taste for it in spite of the protests of his physicians. It is one of the saddest privileges of the doctor's profession to see the worst side of human nature, and, like valets, to learn more of the weakness than the heroism of his employers. Some hours before his death, Gibbon picked a wing of chicken and drank three glasses of his favorite wine, which testifies to the strength of his digestion rather than to the obedience he paid his medical advisers.

Burns, after his first literary triumphs, was, as is only too well known, admitted for a time into the company of the great, where he "ate spiced meats and drank rare wines." He was, unfortunately, guilty of wild excesses, and his intemperance probably cut short his days. He is said to have once taken part in a match between two lairds, who contended for the possession of an ancient heirloom by ascertaining which could drink the longer and the stronger. Wherever Burns went, the doors flew open to admit him; and if he reached an inn at midnight, the inmates were soon dressed, and, gathering with him round the punch-bowl, roared lustily: "Be ours to-night; who knows what comes to-morrow?"

The constitutional melancholy of many most gifted men is proverbial. Something in their disposition, perhaps in part the penalty of genius, seems to drive them into excesses from which less brilliant mortals are happily preserved. The Epicurean sentiment so beautifully expressed by Herrick, —

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
The fairest flower that blooms to-day
To-morrow may be dying,

has its counterpart in the poems of Nezahualcoyolt, most accomplished and wisest of Tazcucan monarchs, and the greatest and best man who ever sat on an American throne: "Then gather the fairest flowers from thy garden to bind around

thy brow, and seize the joys of the present ere they perish;" but surely that may be done, or at least attempted, without being guilty of degrading debauches that a respectable navvy would shrink from. The son of Nezahualcoyolt was named Nezahualpilli, which signifies "the prince for whom one has fasted," in allusion to his father's long fast previous to his son's birth.

Scott had very little sense of smell. "I have seen him stare about," says Lockhart, "quite unconscious of the cause, when his company betrayed their uneasiness at the approach of an over-kept haunch of venison." He could not distinguish madeira from sherry, and disliked port, but was not averse to champagne and claret; whiskey-toddy, however, he considered better than the "most precious liquid ruby that ever flowed in the cup of a prince." His reverence for a monarch, in whom he saw the anointed of the Lord, was well illustrated by the, to him tragic, incident of the broken goblet, which he intended to preserve in commemoration of George IV.'s Scotch visit.

Charles Lamb was not indifferent to the charms of punch and tobacco; and at their little parties in the Temple his sister and he provided beef and porter, to which each guest helped himself according to his fancy.

De Quincey, or, as his daughter prefers to spell it, Quincy, like so many famous men of letters, was a martyr to a diseased stomach, and, when he lost his teeth, was obliged to use special forms of nourishment. Tea, cocoa, coffee, soup, with a little tender hare or mutton carefully prepared and minced, made up his diet. He began taking opium at Oxford, but it was some time before he became a slave to the habit. When fully under its malign influence, he every day got through three hundred and twenty grains of solid opium, equivalent to eight thousand drops of laudanum; this would fill seven wine-glasses. Sometimes his daily allowance was increased to twelve thousand drops. Few works of greater interest than the "Confessions of an Opium Eater," have ever been laid before the world; its graceful and fascinating diction and exquisite pathos have secured for it a high place among English classics; in that remarkable volume the poor author laid bare his secret soul to the gaze of mankind. I hardly know anything more touching than the description given by a recent writer of the appearance of the poor little man; small, thin, nervous, and ill-cared for, he

was a curious compound of genius, and, shall I dare to add, semi-insanity. He describes his early sufferings when, a runaway from school, and the victim of misery and sorrow, he used to wander about those grimy, foggy, depressing London streets which send a positive shudder through the heart of the lover of the country. He commemorates, in beautiful language, the tenderness and gentleness of Ann, that poor wanderer from virtue, whose influence over him seems, in spite of her very questionable life, to have been elevating, and whose vision in later years haunted him day and night. He tells us how, on "a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless, and a duller spectacle," he truly adds, "this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London," he first resorted to opium, to deaden the pangs of hunger, poor lad! Then he dwells upon the exhilaration that followed, and the surpassing, indescribable happiness, which transformed life into a placid dream. This season of cheerfulness and pleasure was followed by a terrible awakening in the middle of 1817: day and night became equally intolerable; interminable processions of mournful spectres passed before him; his mind wandered; a few hours seemed a year; a day became a lifetime; the joys of opium vanished, and horrors which it even surpassed the powers of his facile pen to describe, took their place. The struggle to emancipate himself from this terrible vice was agonizing. His sufferings distressed and shocked his friends, who urged him to give up the attempt at self-reformation, and to purchase dear-bought temporary relief by still greater suffering later. This much resembles the advice often given to repentant drunkards, who should rather be urged and helped to abstain altogether. Why linger on the dreadful picture? Thomas de Quincey finally triumphed, his life was preserved, and his vigor of mind returned; but for generations his dreadful "Confessions" will be a solemn warning, and will do more than the exhortations of preachers and the entreaties of medical practitioners to make opium-eating rare in England. According to the best authorities, the use of opium for self-indulgence is not extending, or, rather, is diminishing in this country.

Opium is sometimes said to do more good than harm, to exhilarate, to stimulate; but what of the following graphic passage. Madden, in his "Travels in Turkey," speaking of the opium-eaters of Constantinople, says: "Their gestures are frightful. Those who were completely under

the influence of opium talked incoherently; their features were flushed; their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy; and the general effect of their countenances was horribly wild. This effect is generally produced in two hours, and lasts from four to five. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on the excitement is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, and every fibre in the body trembles; the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid."

De Quincey contends that the pains and pleasures of wine have nothing in common with the delights and agonies of opium, and some passages make one suspect that he could judge equally well of opium and of wine, and so I shall avoid the error he condemns of comparing the one with the other. Moreover, I have had the pain of watching the sufferings of an opium-eater, as well as those of innumerable drunkards, and they have absolutely nothing in common. But the mental tortures of drunkenness and the sting of an outraged conscience are worse, a thousand times worse, than the poverty, misery, and disease, the sure, though often long deferred penalties of excess in alcohol, and too much can hardly be made of them. Few people seem to understand that the penalty of sin must ultimately be paid, although the sinner may be penitent and earnestly desirous of amending his ways. Much vaunted remedies for intemperance are innumerable, but all equally valueless except rigid abstinence. Minute doses of tincture of nux vomica and bromide of potassium, often lauded as infallible remedies, are disappointing; at least, I have frequently prescribed them and found them so. A somewhat better palliative is quassia chips steeped or boiled in vinegar; a teaspoonful of the decoction should be taken in a tumbler of cold water several times a day. This is sometimes credited with being an excellent remedy to quench alcoholic thirst, but, I fear, its value is small. A drunkard at Bilston once asked me to prescribe for him. What could I suggest? I could only reply to his demand, to persevere, although the struggle might be severe; but if he would persevere long enough, peace of mind would certainly come at last, though medicine could render him no assistance. But the poor fellow did not remain constant to his good resolutions, and his relapse was speedy and terrible. Well may sailors speak of the "horrors," and exclaim that the infernal regions have sent forth legions of fiends to torment

them before the time. "The devils," said a patient to me in the Westminster Hospital, who died a raving dipsomaniac, "are dancing about, the room is full of them; they leap on the bed, they mock me and tear my hair, they tickle me, they give me the strength of a dozen Sampsons." The poor fellow became, before many hours, the prey of even greater terrors, and he was removed with some difficulty to an asylum. I never saw him again, he was one only among hundreds of cases equally distressing that I have known.

Sir Frederick Pollock's recently published "Remembrances" contain some touching and interesting passages; one of the saddest is an interview he had with the gifted but wretched Hartley Coleridge. Sir Frederick mentions that a little wine would arouse that extraordinary genius from a state resembling lethargy, and set him off talking in a rambling and incoherent, but withal pleasant enough fashion, recalling his father's manner. This was towards the close of poor Hartley Coleridge's wasted life. Another brilliant genius ruined through drink! another career blasted that might have been among the brightest in our literary annals! Can we forget the touching narrative of Dante Gabrielle Rossetti's sad life? He did not, it is true, take alcohol to excess, but he indulged in chloral, another proof that when the craving for narcotics is fully developed nothing will satisfy it; and as far as results go, it matters little whether opium, chloroform, chloral, Indian hemp, ether, or alcohol is taken, the sin is equally great and the end not less terrible and certain. Grant, if you will, that inebriety becomes at last an incurable disease, as Dr. Norman Kerr, in his classical work on inebriety, maintains, you must, nevertheless, admit that before it is a disease beyond the power of the victim to restrain, it was simply a bad habit over which he had full control. Intemperance may end by becoming a disease; but at its commencement it is a bad habit, a vice.

It has been of late asserted, and, according to the *British Medical Journal*, with probably too great truth, that the vice of naphtha intoxication has made its way to New England from Germany; this probably, however, only signifies that a vice once solely practised in Germany is now becoming common among the enlightened and educated New Englanders. The victims are principally women employed in the india-rubber factories. The naphtha used in the manufacture is kept in large boilers, and the naphtha drunkards open

the valves of these reservoirs and breathe the fumes; this brings on a peculiar but, it is said, agreeable form of intoxication, for, horrible as it appears to the temperate, every form of intoxication must be attended, for a time at least, with a certain amount of pleasure, or no one would indulge in it.

Porson's blasted life is another of the most distressing in our literary annals. In the following jingling rhymes, wholly unworthy of his reputation, he seems to turn his profligate habits into jest; at any rate, one can see no appearance of deep mental distress and high principle:—

I went to Strasburg, where I got drunk
With that most learned Professor Brunck.
I went to Wertz and got more drunken
With that more learned Professor Runnken.

This great Greek scholar is commonly reported to have been far from orthodox; he was not in the Church, and resigned his fellowship in 1792 rather than take Orders. His melancholy fate hardly seems to deserve the pity which it has always called forth; he shamefully and persistently neglected his duties as librarian of the London Institution, and, finally, when he died in September, 1808, in his forty-ninth year, it was after many years of deplorable self-indulgence. His craving for drink at last led to his taking ink or any other strong tasting beverage. Nothing in his writings, as far as I know, breathes the deep contrition of Charles Lamb in his "Confessions of a Drunkard," although it is asserted, on excellent authority, that Lamb was not a drunkard, but that his pathetic paper simply conveys what his keen insight into human nature and his close observation had led him to imagine a penitent though incurable drunkard might feel in his sober moments. There must have been a strange personal charm about Porson; how else account for the crowds of University men who met to show respect to the remains of one who, in spite of his intemperance, shares with Richard Bentley the great honor of heading the long list of our profoundest classical scholars.

Byron had fits of intemperance, generally followed by a very strict regimen of rice, vinegar, and water, and other simple food. Fish he preferred to flesh; but after taking up his residence in Greece, he left off animal food, and lived chiefly on toast, vegetables, cheese, olives, and light wines. He usually drank spirits before writing, as they helped the workings of his muse.

Moore, as is well known, was greatly enraged by the lines in which Byron, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," ridiculed his absurd duel with Jeffrey, and sent him a challenge, which did not reach the young satirist for a year. This challenge led to several letters passing, and finally, as Moore had now calmed down, to a friendly meeting in the hospitable house of Samuel Rogers. The latter had first proposed that Moore and Byron, and himself, of course, should alone form the party; but Thomas Campbell chancing to call, he too was pressed to join. When Byron came, he made an excellent impression, and Moore, as was not surprising, was delighted and struck by "the nobleness of his air, his beauty, the gentleness of his voice and manner, his kindness to myself. Being in mourning for his mother, the color of his dress, as of his glossy, curling, picturesque hair, gave more effect to the pure spiritual paleness of his features, in the expression of which, as he spoke, there was a perpetual play of lively thought, though melancholy was their habitual character when in repose." Unfortunately, there was nothing for the young poet to eat; for Byron, in his dread of getting fat, lived on vegetables, and the biscuits and soda-water for which he asked could not at that day, even in such a wealthy house as Rogers's, be got. "He professed, however," continues Moore, "to be equally well pleased with potatoes and vinegar, and of these meagre materials contrived to make a rather hearty dinner." The meeting went off admirably.

Shelley could not understand why people wanted more than plain bread. He was so careless about his meals that he did himself serious injury. When, during his London walks, he felt hungry, he would buy a loaf at the nearest baker's, tuck it under his arm, and eat it as he went along, probably reading a book and dodging the passers-by at the same time. Mrs. Shelley often sent food to his study, which, in his abstraction, he forgot, and then, coming out from the room, he would innocently ask: "Mary, have I dined?" This reminds one of the preoccupation of Sir Isaac Newton, who is said not always to have remembered whether he had dined or not, and of the practical joke once played by a friend, who ate the philosopher's dinner, a chicken, which was waiting for him, and then, leaving the bones on his plate, he was amused at the unconsciousness of Newton, when he came into the room, that he had not dined.

Waller was remarkable as the only

"teetotaler" in Charles II.'s court, but he was as light-hearted on water as others were on intoxicants. Milton, before going to bed, smoked a pipe and drank a glass of water. Southey treated himself to an after-supper allowance of punch or black-currant rum. Dryden was a great snuff-taker, and liked a flitch of bacon better than more delicate fare; he had, he said, "a very vulgar stomach." Addison, as all his admirers deplore, and they are legion, was a lover of port wine, and probably shortened his days by his partiality for it. Goldsmith was always in difficulties, finding it hard to obtain the champagne and chicken necessary to his existence; but his contemporary, the homely printer Richardson, was a vegetarian and an abstainer from alcohol.

Some of the clerical admirers of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, must, one fancies, regret that that unfortunate statesman was not content to leave posterity in ignorance of his habits. His diary throws a sombre light on his weaknesses, and an attentive perusal makes it difficult to regard him as a hero. There is something positively child-like in the simplicity with which he committed to paper trivial matters, unspeakably strange and ludicrous coming from the pen of the leader of a great party. Lord Macaulay's strictures are severe, but hardly too harsh.

Let us turn to William Laud's Diary, and we are at once as cool as contempt can make us. There we learn how his picture fell down, and how fearful he was lest the fall should be an omen; how he dreamed that the Duke of Buckingham came to bed to him; that King James walked past him; and that he saw Thomas Flaxney in green garments, and the Bishop of Worcester with his shoulders wrapped in linen. In the early part of 1627 the sleep of this great ornament of the Church seems to have been much disturbed. On the Fifth of January he saw a merry old man, with a wrinkled countenance, named Grous, lying on the ground. On the Fourteenth of the same memorable month he saw the Bishop of Lincoln jump on a horse and ride away. A day or two after this he dreamed that he gave the king drink in a silver cup, and that the king refused it, and called for a glass. Then he dreamed that he had turned Papist; of all his dreams the only one, we suspect, which came through the gate of horn. But of these visions our favorite is that which he has recorded on the night of Friday, the Ninth of February, 1627. "I dreamed," says he, "that I had the scurvy, and that forthwith all my teeth became loose. There was one in especial in my lower jaw which I could scarcely keep in with my finger till I had called for help." Here was a man to have

the superintendence of the opinions of a great nation!

Another weakness makes us smile. It was his terror when the salt was upset at table. The foundation of this superstition is, of course, the tradition that Judas was pointed out to the eleven by the salt being upset at the Last Supper.

The "Life and Letters of Adam Sedgwick" deserve most careful perusal on their own merits, not less than on account of the interest attaching to the great geologist. He lacked a strong "gizzard," though a diner-out and a giver of good dinners, by which we generally mean loading the tables with four times as many rich dishes as the guest can or should eat. Sedgwick often amused his hosts by eating freely of "nursery pudding," though this never interfered with his appreciation of more generous fare. He absolutely revelled in the abundance of Edinburgh breakfasts, and was "comfortable" under the genial spell of Irish hospitality. "I do like," he said in his old age, "to see people drink good wine, though I have no share in it, and I will sit here while you drink a hog'shead." "I'm glad," he told the undergraduates at the Trinity Commemoration of 1867, "they've given you champagne: it will warm the cockles of your young hearts. I hope you will indulge in a wise hilarity." At Paris, in 1827, he saw some famous men, and gives this description of two of them and their habits:—

Laplace was a rather small man, with a white necktie, looking very like a parson, though he was reputed to be an atheist, as indeed was the case. He was then very old, and used an old man's privilege, retiring to bed at about nine o'clock. Arago was a fine looking man, with a very fine wife, and a staunch Republican. Laplace, on the contrary, was weak, and always shifting his politics according to the time. This led at last to such a quarrel between him and Arago that it was not usual for persons to attend the *soirées* of both. When Laplace was near his end, Arago saw a man at his own *soirée* who usually went to his rival's, and remarked, "Ah! he sees old Laplace is going, and so he has come to me." It was usual for a visitor, when once introduced, to go regularly, and it was considered rude to cut many *soirées* consecutively. Laplace gave only tea and coffee, but Cuvier, after his *soirée* was over, would sit down with a few friends to tea and apple-pie.

The unintellectual life early in this century of the fellows of even such a great college as Trinity is sketched in sombre detail, contrasting strangely with the vivid

picture which Adam Sedgwick preserves of John Dawson, the village surgeon of Sedberg, so famous a mathematician that undergraduates flocked to him from far and near, and who, though he had had no academical training, numbered among his pupils, twelve senior wranglers. Dawson died without the university which he so honored and so discredited officially recognizing his existence. Perhaps Mr. Dawson's career is now chiefly memorable as another instance of what genius will achieve in spite of every conceivable obstacle. Given transcendent genius, and it will force a way, neither poverty, jealousy, nor obscurity being able to keep it under for more than a season.

Mrs. Oliphant, confessedly one of the most brilliant writers of our day, writes with such grace and elegance and evidence of original thought that it would be hard to name her equal among living authors. Her "Literary History of England" is remarkable for its original judgments and is exceedingly readable, many chapters indeed are more interesting than a novel. Her descriptions of the habits and private lives of some of our greatest writers is singularly beautiful; one of her best chapters is given to Miss Anna Seward, the Swan of Lichfield, and her famous coterie. The following passage deserves reproduction, for it throws some light on the weaknesses of one who, in the last century, was regarded as a much finer genius than posterity has been disposed to admit:—

To balance the romance we have a semi-heroic narrative of a certain occasion on which Dr. Darwin, who, as a rule, eschewed all intoxicating liquors, was persuaded to drink more wine than was good for him. It was while on a boating expedition, and in the middle of a hot summer day. To the horror and astonishment of his friends, the half-intoxicated doctor suddenly plunged out of the boat into the river, when they were close to Nottingham, and, rushing in his wet clothes across the fields, reached the market-place before they could overtake him. Here they found him mounted on a tub, making an oration to the gaping multitude around. "Ye men of Nottingham, listen to me," he said. "You are ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your industry, life's comforts are procured for yourselves and your families. If you lose your health, the power of being industrious will desert you, *that* you know; but you may not know that to breathe fresh and changed air constantly is not less necessary to procure health than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours if the windows are shut. I have no interest in giving you this advice. Remember what I,

your countryman and a physician, tell you. If you would not bring infection and disease upon yourselves, and to your wives and little ones, change the air you breathe; change it many times a day by opening your windows." After this abrupt address he got down from his tub and went back with his friends to their boat. The dripping philosopher on his homely platform, the gaping crowd around him, an eager apothecary of his acquaintance vainly endeavoring to persuade him to come home with him and change his wet clothes, and the astounded excursionists standing by not knowing what to make of their friend's vagary, form an amusing picture.

The connection between drinking and obesity has long been admitted to be very intimate, and the corpulent, advised by their medical attendants to eat more temperately, might with equal propriety be cautioned to drink less, not necessarily in the offensive sense of not getting intoxicated, but of not taking so much fluid of any sort. Apart from diet and external influences, we may assume that there exists in many constitutions a very marked tendency to obesity; for under the same conditions of food and life some become fat, others remain thin. One of the most frequent predisposing causes is heredity, for the tendency to corpulence is often inherited; in some cases it is actually ingrained, and even shows itself in early life, and occasionally in persons of sparing habits the tendency to obesity is positively a disease and resists all efforts of art, while the most painful temperance is useless.

What is the influence on the human body of a long-continued increase in the amount of the fluids consumed? *A priori*, one is inclined to believe that obesity is as often caused by over-drinking as over-eating; even Ebstein has lately accepted this and now recommends a diminution in the quantity of fluid, even of water, although not to the same degree as does Oertel. But is there any comparison between the fattening qualities of water and of alcohol, strong wine and beer? Long ago Brillat-Savarin most strongly prohibited the last. Starch food, he said, fattens none the less when mixed with water than when taken in beer and other sugary alcoholic drinks. As for alcohol itself, it, *par excellence*, causes obesity, more especially by reason of its deleterious influence on cell activity.

Before leaving this somewhat repulsive subject I must mention a singular surgical operation for the cure of obesity, lately performed in Paris, and to which the name of *degraisage* has been eupho-

niously given. Two medical men, Drs. Marx and Demars, performed the operation on M. Hiroguelle, an author. Having put the patient under chloroform, they raised the skin and cut away rather more than four pounds of adipose tissue; the skin was then stitched up again. The patient has made a good recovery, and, report adds, is so delighted with the improvement in his figure that he is thinking of a series of other parings in different parts of his body. Vain Frenchman! Even that corpulent Adonis, George IV., with his inordinate vanity, would rather have let his figure become Daniel-Lambert-like in its proportions, than submit to the surgeon's knife. Self-indulgence will always claim its victims. What tortures the young smoker goes through before he is an adept. We have, curious to say, the experience of Wellington and of Napoleon on the inconvenience, to use a mild term, of learning to smoke. The former, just after returning from the Peninsula, joined the Duke of Cumberland and some other distinguished officers in the smoking-room of the hotel at Portsmouth where they were staying.

"I sat," said Wellington, "behind my pipe, whiffing away with a feeling of wonder, and watching with interest the countenances of the rest of the company." Other novices at smoking were there, and, as they left the room, one after another, but failed to return, he noticed that the old smokers were on the lookout for him to follow. He continued to puff away, however, saying to himself, "Well, it will come to an end, I suppose." And it did, before the pipe was finished, and in such an unpleasant fashion that he never again attempted to smoke.

Napoleon's efforts at smoking came to an end even more quickly than did those of his opponent. Although in later life he was a votary of the snuff-box, he was never known to attempt smoking but once. The Persian ambassador having presented him with a magnificent Oriental pipe, he wished to give it a trial. After being instructed how to proceed, he desired his attendant, Constant, to light it. It was accordingly properly charged and lighted. We will let Constant tell the rest of the tale. "I obeyed, and returned it to him. But scarcely had he drawn a mouthful, when the smoke, which he did not know how to expel from his mouth, turned back by his palate, penetrated into his throat, and came out by his nose, nearly blinding him. As soon as he recovered breath he exclaimed, 'Take that away—what an

abomination! The brutes! My stomach is quite upset!" In fact, he was so annoyed for more than an hour, that he renounced forever all desire to try the experiment again."

But my subject is nearly inexhaustible, and the dietetic peculiarities of great men, as far as they are known, would furnish material for many volumes, though enough is as good as a feast, and the appetite is soon satisfied. But their dietetic eccentricities would not exhaust all we should like to know; a book might be written on the clothes which our great countrymen have affected; another on their amusements; a fourth on their deaths; and a fifth on the fate of their offspring. Only the other day a neighboring vicar told me that he had heard of a man who had got together an enormous mass of material for a curious book; it consisted of cuttings from newspapers recording strange modes of death, or rather, probably, singular fatal accidents; a gruesome subject truly, but not without interest and pathos.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

From The London Quarterly Review.
JENNY LIND.*

THE record of the late Madame Goldschmidt's artistic career, very recently given to the world, may quite justly be considered unique among professional biographies. Of set purpose, its writers have restricted themselves to that portion of their subject's life over which alone "the world has a positive and undeniable claim;" they have declined to deal with the household sanctities of one of the noblest of women, who happened also to be a successful dramatic performer, and have actually cut their story short, like an old-fashioned novel, at the moment when the heroine passes through a happy marriage into the blissful asylum of home, where her woman's nature is to attain its grandest and highest development.

And yet in this history, which is so severely limited in its scope, which aims only at revealing "the peculiar growth and training, the advantages and the perplexities, the hindrances and the helps, through which that gift, which was at last so triumphant, won its slow way through dark-

ness into light;" what is it that charms and fascinates, that makes it valuable and interesting even to those who would turn wearily from an ordinary theatrical biography, and whose position with regard to vocal music is that of "the unlearned and the ignorant"? It is the rare beauty of the character, the purity, the unworldliness, the unselfishness, the lofty conception of duty, which characterized "Jenny Lind, the artist;" it is the noble Christian womanhood maintaining itself "unspotted from the world" amid all the fierce temptations of a dramatic existence, all the bewitching snares of an immense success, and finally saving itself from spiritual loss and degeneracy by a "great renunciation;" it is the whole harmonious personality that stirs our wondering delight; and we recognize gladly the impossibility of separating even in thought the greatly gifted artist from the gentle and lofty human creature who, with full purpose of heart, used her God-given powers for the glory of the Giver and the good of man, for whose service she knew them given. Not for such as her is the sad apology needed, that the people to whom she gave her best, should in gratitude turn their eyes from the errors of a private life out of harmony with her public greatness. The life was whole and consistent; and, as in the Temple of Solomon, the walls of its veiled and secret inner sanctuary were as perfectly overlaid with fine gold as those of the outer courts, open to the people's gaze.

It is, therefore, no mean boon that is conferred on the reading public by this biography; it is no profitless task to consider its revelations and its teachings.

"The hindrances and the helps" that surrounded Jenny Lind in her earliest years were alike of such a character that her strong belief in her own vocation as God-given is perfectly intelligible. No very propitious star seemed to shine when, on October 6, 1820, she first saw the light in Stockholm. A baby was hardly wanted in the Lind household, whose mistress just kept the wolf from the door by taking day-scholars; and the moral atmosphere of the home was not favorable. Jenny's father, kindly, easy-going, troubled with a musical faculty that was a source of loss instead of profit, was something of an irritating spouse for the resolute, energetic wife whom his slender earnings as an accountant could not maintain, who rebelled and murmured at the ill-luck that pursued her through two successive marriages, and who was not gently disposed towards the

* Jenny Lind, the Artist. Memoir of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, her Early Life and Dramatic Career, 1820-51. By Henry Scott Holland, M.A., and W. S. Rockstro. Two vols. London: John Murray. 1891.

outer world that had done little to help her.

From her father Jenny may have derived the musical gift which in her became genius, from her mother her strong will and tireless energy; but she did not inherit from the one her lofty ideal of duty, nor from the other her large-hearted, ungrudging generosity. Sweet and wholesome influences were about her infancy, however, for its first three years were spent perforce in the heart of the country, with rustic foster-parents; and the natural poetry and simple, kindly honesty of Swedish peasant life blended with her very soul, and lent to her character the free, wild charm of the folk-songs she always loved to sing. Returning home at three years old, she came at once under the power of religion embodied in her maternal grandmother, whose deep spirituality seems to have reproduced itself beautifully in Jenny's own life, and whose merit it is also to have discerned the latent powers of the shy, rustic nurseling. She is the heroine of that pretty story, so often quoted already, of the fanfare strummed out on the piano by the baby fingers of Jenny, who had caught the strain from the bugles of a passing band, and who hid herself, trembling, under the instrument, when the grandmother came to see who was playing. Vividly did the great vocalist recall the whole incident, and the prophetic words of the delighted grandmother to Fru Lind, "That child will bring you help."

Help was sorely needed in the straitened home; but it came in a shape from which Fru Lind shrank at first with just apprehension. It seemed a duty to secure singing-lessons for the little being who sang with bird-like sweetness, "at every step she took and every jump she made," and whose musical genius was hardly more evident than her dramatic faculty. But to take advantage of the free government education to be obtained at the Royal Theatre School was to train Jenny for the stage; and of such a profession Fru Lind had an instinctive horror, only equalled by that which long experience developed in her daughter. She took the step at last of presenting herself with her child before Herr Croelius, court secretary and singing master at the Royal Theatre — her lingering indecision at the very door, mastered by the urgency with which little nine-year-old Jenny pulled her forward; and when the good Croelius had heard the child sing, the die was cast; his enthusiasm and the magically sweet voice of the candidate

removed all difficulties; and Jenny, for all her mother's doubts and fears, was received as an "actress-pupil," to be maintained and educated at the government expense.

Her education, neither learned nor profound, was very thorough on the professional side, and the remarkable grace of bearing she gained in it served her royally in later life, doing much to neutralize the personal plainness of which she was keenly but not morbidly conscious; and as her home life was little interfered with, she seems to have grown up into natural joyous girlhood like any other child. But it is hardly possible to read without pain of her early appearance on the stage as a child-actress, and of the "almost incomprehensible, the really unnatural cleverness," with which, in her twelfth year, she sustained her child's part in "*La Fausse Agnès*," a play stigmatized by the Swedish critic whom we have quoted as being altogether immoral, portraying a deeply corrupt society. With her biographers, one has to "shudder at the terrible perils swarming round the child," whose surprising dramatic genius was so ill-employed, "her very innocence allowing her to revel in the fun and audacity of such a character, without any of the checks which a knowledge of the villainy in it would have suggested to a pure mind."

Such are the dangers to which the drama exposes its children, even when, as at Stockholm, the religious and moral element is by no means lost sight of in their training. Graver are the risks that these servants of the public pleasure run in the days of their maturity. Without dwelling on the gross temptations besetting an actress of weak moral stamina, we must see that a profession that stimulates both personal vanity and emulation in a special manner has no elevating tendency; and that there is too much probability in the picture given us by a modern master of fiction,* of a hapless woman whose stage-life ends by unwomanizing her; who, curiously studying for professional purposes the outward shows of intense emotion, becomes slowly incapable of feeling it, and who so starves her human sympathies, and feeds fat her craving for admiration that at last it seems as if she had no soul left to lose, and was nothing but the hollow simulacrum of a love-worthy human being. The picture may be exaggerated; but that it has no foundation in fact, let those say, if they can, who have acquainted them

* William Black, Macleod of Dare.

selves with dramatic biography and autobiography, and who have noted, even in the case of a spotlessly moral and upright Macready, how the finer lines of character become overlaid by the petty vanities, jealousies, and suspicions of the actor, and how the hundred meannesses of the "*entourage* of the theatre," irritating and fretting the sensitive artist-soul, exasperate and humiliate the self-respecting man, who too often has to despise himself.

"You don't know that life; but the glare and the faces, and my having to go on and act and sing what I hated, and then see people who came to stare at me behind the scenes—it was all so much worse than when I was a little girl . . . it was no better than a fiery furnace."

Those words, which George Eliot has assigned to the pure-hearted, forlorn girl-actress Mirah, sum up an experience that might conceivably have been that of our pure and noble Jenny Lind, but for one thing—the sovereignty of the great power of song on which she entered, on a certain memorable date, the 7th of March, 1838; the day when, with fear and trembling, she made her *début* on the operatic stage as Agathe in "*Der Freischütz*"—to find, with her first note, all her agony of nervousness disappear. "She had discovered herself."

"I got up, that morning, one creature," she herself often said; "I went to bed, another creature. I had found my power." And all through her life she kept the 7th of March with a religious solemnity; she would ask to have herself remembered on it with prayers; she treated it as a second birthday. . . . To her religious mind the discovery of a gift was the discovery of a mission. She saw the responsibility with which she was charged, through the mere possession of such a power over men. The singer, with the gift from God—that is what she became on that night."

Her *début* was a triumphant success, and it was followed up by other successes, striking enough to warrant her passing over wholly to opera, and abandoning melodrama, comedy, and burlesque, in which she had previously figured. Among the parts she sustained on the lyric stage in 1838-9 may be found characters which became afterwards some of her most powerful impersonations, *because* she could "carry herself into them," informing them with her own feeling in all its fervor. The impression she produced in such congenial parts was as elevating as even she could have wished; "her very acting," it is said, "was religious," and perhaps never

more so than in "her traditional part of Alice in '*Roberto il Diavolo*'—a part which drew on her own vivid personality, with its intensity of faith, with its horror of sin, with its passionate and chivalrous purity. Voice, action, gesture, and living character were all combined into a single jet of dramatic individuality."

Already, then, in those early Swedish days, the peculiar enthusiasm she had the secret of arousing manifested itself; "it was the mastery wielded by this *white soul* that worked the magic." Her rare gift soon secured for her the power of choosing what characters she would play; and it became her fixed principle "never to represent such passions as could awaken bad feelings," her generous hope and aim being "to elevate the whole tone and character of her profession." And if any one person could attain that aim, surely it was this high-souled and loyally gifted being. But the enfranchisement of the operatic stage from its baseness is unaccomplished yet; not even Jenny Lind sufficed for such a deliverance, though she herself came forth unscathed from the fiery furnace, "nor had the smell of fire passed on her."

Amid her first successes, however—touching and inspiring as they were—she herself was ill-content with herself as a singer. "The idol of the national drama" did not bow down in self-worship. She had learned all that Stockholm could teach her, but her unsatisfied artistic conscience was ever whispering that there was much more to know. So we see the young girl bending all her efforts to one end—not that end her mother would fain have had her aim at, of the greatest immediate money profit out of her present acquirements and popularity—but the deserving that popularity more truly by perfecting the gift she held in trust from heaven. She knew her technique faulty, her method of singing wrong; therefore, by incessant exertions, which greatly imperilled the delicious voice, her soul's instrument of expression, she struggled to earn money enough for a course of study under Garcia, the one perfect maestro di canto of the day. She succeeded, almost too late.

In Paris, then, we find her, from July, 1841, to July, 1842, a solitary Swedish maiden, comporting herself with such quiet dignity in her new life *en pension* as to earn the high respect of her entertainers; while the iron fibre of her character revealed itself in the indomitable courage and patience with which she bore Garcia's first terrible utterance: "It is of no use to teach you; you have no longer

a voice." Having passed through the long period of inaction he enjoined, she began to re-learn, with incredible toil, the very alphabet of her art—a task all the harder because she had first everything to unlearn. Her humility and determination had their fit reward. At the twelve months' end she could return home to take a new engagement at "her beloved Stockholm," where her first appearance made manifest a development of her powers nothing short of marvellous; the weak, veiled voice she could ill control, the voice overstrained by premature exertion, was now "a brilliant, powerful soprano, with a clear range of two octaves and one-sixth," a voice remarkable for uniting the "volume and sonority of the true *soprano drammatico*" with the "lightness and flexibility of the *soprano sfogato*," while her technical command over it might be regarded as unique, unprecedented.

Honor to the artist whose self-knowledge and self-control had sufficed for so unusual an achievement! But this Paris epoch, significant and noteworthy from every point of view, brings out yet more vividly the sovereign quality of self-reverence in her character.

A recent critic has ascribed to Mlle. Lind's "innate Puritanism" that deep, inner repulsion for the stage which grew on the great vocalist amid all her dramatic triumphs, and led her at last to forswear those triumphs forever, just when they were most dazzling. Her letters from Paris show that, not her Puritanism, but her purity, revolted from certain methods in vogue there to secure success for actress and singer, when they appeared before what she candidly called "the first audience in the world." Her delight in the consummate perfection of Parisian artists was real and keen; and not only did she enjoy the exquisite singing of Grisi and of Persiani, but the weird grandeur of Rachel, whose *forte* lay in the perfect expression of those stormy evil passions which Jenny Lind herself refused to impersonate. Would we measure the distance between the Swedish "Child of the Drama" and the genuine Puritan, let us set beside her calm criticism the impassioned words, instinct with a strange horror, in which Charlotte Brontë has given us her impression of Rachel and her acting, and we shall find the contrast sufficiently suggestive.

It was no preconceived Puritanic aversion for the theatre which made Jenny Lind, an actress from childhood, recoil from the system prevalent in the dramatic

world of Paris—which bred in her the fixed resolve never to appear on that stage—which made her decline, in 1845, a tempting invitation from the director of the Théâtre Italien, with the memorable words: "I am persuaded that I am not suited for Paris, nor Paris for me"—a refusal by no means due, as a fantastic legend asserts, to resentment for an unfavorable *début* at the Grand Opéra, where she never made a *début* at all. Nor was it any mere prejudice of an inbred Puritanism, but only her own uprightness, simplicity, and spirituality, which revolted against the envyings, jealousies, and backbitings inseparable from a theatric existence—crawling basenesses which the sun of her prosperity quickened into reptile life about her, till the very splendor of her great success in London helped to intensify and render immutable her resolve to have done with these things, once and forever.

And none can now say she did not well. Her greatness as an artist really gained when she left opera and devoted herself to oratorio. England, that had adored her in Amina and in Alice, learned to love her yet more when her angel voice rang forth in the angel music of the "Elijah," or lent a new inconceivable charm to the grandeur, the passion, the pathos of the wonderful soprano airs of the "Messiah." The delight she gave was not less, the power for beneficent utility was not inferior, the pure joy of the artist in her lovely art and its elevating influence was far greater, than when she had worked amid the detestable *tracasseries* of the theatre. Never once did she repent, or look back, longing, to the actress-parts of which she had once felt the full fascination, and which she always sustained with admirable finish and mastery, but at the expense of such a strain on her excitable artist-nature, her too sensitive nerves, as was an anguish to remember.

It is well to take note that though Jenny Lind, with her poetic spirituality, affords the most striking instance of a very successful actress becoming imbued with a deep abhorrence of the stage, she does not stand alone in it. We have referred to the witness borne by Macready's "Reminiscences" to the demoralizing power of the actor's life; but that remarkable book testifies as strongly to the writer's aversion for his own profession, and the almost morbid dread he felt lest any of his own children should be drawn to embrace it—a dread which made him deprecate for them such shadows of acting as cha-

rades and *tableaux vivants*. This curious loathing for an occupation that brought both fame and profit and social success, is even more vividly expressed in Fanny Kemble's delightful "Record of a Girlhood," where that brilliant popular favorite, whose dramatic genius was a direct heritage from player-parents of stainless character, and who herself was sedulously guarded from the common perils of actress-life, bears, notwithstanding, her strong testimony against the calling in which she and her family had earned only distinction and esteem.

"A business," says she, "which is incessant excitement and factitious emotion seems to be unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman;" and despite the "intense delight" with which she threw herself into the parts of Shakespeare's heroines, she could say: "I have never presented myself before an audience without a shrinking feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement unhealthy, and the personal exhibition odious. . . . Every detail of the vocation was more or less repugnant to me."

No one will attribute to "innate Puritanism" these instinctive feelings of the child of the Kembles, or ascribe to inherited prejudice the apprehensions which made her add to her daily prayers an earnest entreaty for protection against the "subtle evils" of her profession. What injury it might work to its most blameless members the girl had early perceived, in the "vapid vacuity" of Mrs. Siddons's latest years, in the "deadness and indifference" of a soul whose higher powers had shrivelled and perished in the stifling artificial atmosphere of the stage. That melancholy wreck of a fine intelligence and a noble womanhood was itself the most convincing argument against the life that, under the most favorable conditions, could produce such results.

The vital difference between Jenny Lind and the two distinguished artists just cited is, that her testimony assumed the shape of a resolute act, and is therefore far more impressive than theirs, limited to eloquent words; her heaven-born wings of song enabling her to soar out of the prison in which they still had to drag their chains for years.

A history full of interest and charm is interposed between the two events we have considered together — Mlle. Lind's return to Stockholm, a finished artist, in

1842, and her final withdrawal from the stage in 1849. It is a record of growing fame and maturing character; of triumphs always more and more brilliant, won before cultivated, fastidious audiences, in Berlin, in Copenhagen, in Weimar, in Leipzig, in Vienna, in London; of royal homage and royal friendships, innumerable distinctions and honors heaped on the modest songstress who had caught the ear and charmed the heart of Europe. But it tells of many things far exceeding these.

Beautiful it is to see how the goodness and the genius incarnated in her drew to her the heart-love of the gifted and the good, and how faithfully she clung to the dear friends of early days amid all the new claims on her affection, quickly responsive as she proved herself to these. She could say — what so few can — "I have never lost a friend," and the long list of her friendships, by extreme catholicity — including as it does the poetic names of Oehlenschläger and Andersen, and that of the energetic utilitarian, Mrs. Grote, with others that symbolize almost every shade of opinion, every type of excellence — is a strong witness to the unique charm of her lofty, gentle, original character. "The manners of a princess, the simplicity of a child, the goodness of an angel," says Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, in his eloquent tribute to the impression made on him by the singer, whose voice was her least charm for him, to whom nature had denied all musical perception. "A poetess whom song has misled and hindered," says the American Willis, giving language to the feeling Jenny always inspired in her friends, of something resident in her soul to which even her exquisite singing gave inadequate expression. Of all these varied and memorable friendships, none can have been more ideally beautiful than that existing between Mlle. Lind and Mendelssohn, who rejoiced to hail in her a noble member of "the Invisible Church" to which he himself belonged — artists for whom their art was a religion, a beautiful way of glorifying God and helping the upward growth of man. And as fellow-members of one church should be fellow-helpers also, we find him making it his business, by every delicate thoughtful device, by word and deed, to smoothe her upward path and cheer her as she climbed it. With her high, pure notes in his ear, he wrote the beautiful soprano music of the "Elijah," which it was hers to sing in the England they both loved so intensely,

when *he* was gone to join the harmonies of heaven; and it was in memory of him that she devoted a considerable sum from her English winnings to founding a musical scholarship for gifted young students of the divine art; Sir Arthur Sullivan being the first of these "Mendelssohn scholars." This, the most touching, is far indeed from being the only instance in which Madame Lind-Goldschmidt set apart a large portion of her gains for the future benefit of the art by which she won them; and her graceful, generous aid to her fellow-workers, begun early and continued late, was such as they could accept and she bestow with equal honor and equal pleasure.

All this is admirable and delightful; but her sympathies had a wider range, her liberality a higher motive, than is apparent even in the story of her friendships and her friendly deeds. "I have always put God first," she could say with truth. Never did she try to "serve God and Mammon;" the world's mean idol could not command a moment's worship from her, who felt that to "dedicate her gift to the cause of the poor and the unhappy was . . . a joyful duty, a holy privilege, which it would be a sin to neglect;" to give away what she gained was to her no work of merit, but "a plain law of right." Hence her "superb generosity," which could give away ten thousand pounds, earned by six months' singing in England, to various well-chosen charities, to hospitals and similar institutions, with as little thought of self-sacrifice as if she had given a worn-out garment to a beggar; hence the instant resolve, when in America, to devote a much larger sum than she had designed to charity, because the tickets for her concerts had realized far more than she expected. Her giving must be proportioned to her gains — that was a fixed principle. To wealth, in itself, she was more than indifferent; she could say to a blissful wife and mother, "I am so sorry for you — you have so much wealth!" but she could say, too, "Is it not beautiful that I can sing so, and earn so much money for people?"

Upheld by this imperious sense of duty, she could be firm as rock. An affectionate, dutiful child, rejoicing to provide a peaceful haven for her parents, she could be as flint to any maternal hints that money profit was the chief good; she could wrench herself away from mother and from betrothed alike, when either claimed to restrict the free outflow of her

charities. "Nothing is like love," she could say from her heart; but it must be pure, it must be unselfish, or it was not love.

And truly she had her reward. From other sources beside the present "Life of Jenny Lind, the Artist," we have learned how full of blessedness was her life until the end — how it was like "the sunsets at Havannah — the half of the sky golden long after the sun was set! — so much is golden if we only see it, and the sufferings turn into gold too. . . . What is the whole miserable earthly life worth in comparison to one single glance at the sinless, Holy Saviour! . . . He alone — and surely nothing else — is the goal of all our intense longing, whether we know it or not. I feel almost inclined to say, 'Welcome, death, my ugly friend! . . . Can I only become the last chorister in the choir of heaven, I shall rejoice with holiest joy!'"

Such echoes from her converse with her friends come to us like fragments of the singing of one already passed into the better land.

She entered into the rest and joy appointed to the good and faithful servant on the 2nd of November, 1887, after thirty-five years of that blissful domestic happiness for which, amid all the brilliant loneliness of her artistic career, her heart had ached and yearned. In this life, and in that other so far transcending it, God has given to her who served him her heart's desire.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE LAST ENGLISH HOME OF THE BEARDED TIT.

IN the memoir of the Geological Survey of the country round Cromer is a rough sketch-map of the outline of the north-west corner of Europe as in all probability it existed at the Newer Pliocene period, in the far-off days when the primitive vegetation and monstrous creatures of a still earlier world were slowly giving place to plants and animals of "more of the recent" types.

A great river, since dwindled to the insignificant Rhine, with its mushroom castles and ruins, swept through fir woods and swamps to an estuary hemmed in to the westward by a coast line unbroken, excepting here and there by a tributary stream, to John o' Groat's, rolling down in its sluggish current stumps of trees and

bones of elephants and bears and beavers, to be washed long ages afterwards from the "Forest-Beds" of Sheringham and Runton.

The swamps through which the old estuary once cut its way lie buried now in places a hundred feet and more deep beneath Norfolk turnip fields and pheasant coverts.

The fens of the Great Level, which, before Dutch drainers and dyke-builders had reclaimed the second Holland, were perhaps their nearest counterpart in the England of human times, are scarcely less things of the past. The marsh devils, which, until St. Bartholomew interfered and drove them off with a cat-o'-nine-tails, held open court there, and, as Matthew of Paris tells in his "Greater Chronicle," came out in troops to maltreat the few hardy Christian settlers who, like St. Guthlac, as penance for past wild lives, sought holy retirement there—dragging them, bound, from their cells, and ducking them mercilessly in the black mud, "*cœnosis in laticibus atræ paludis*"—now cower invisible in the ditches, or sneak out as agues, to be ignominiously exercised with quinine. Hares and partridges have taken the place of spoonbills and bitterns, and ruffs and reves; and, where a few years ago wild geese swam, ponderous Shire cart-colts gallop, scarcely leaving in summer a hoof-mark on solid ground.

The old order almost everywhere has changed and given place to new. But there is a corner left—the district of the Broad of Norfolk—where one may still see with natural eyes what the world in those parts must have looked like in days before the chalk dam which connected England once with the mainland was—happily for Englishmen of these days—broken through, snapped by a sudden earthquake, or slowly mined by countless generations of boring shellfish, until it gave way under the weight of the accumulating waters of the estuary, choked to the north by advancing ice, or tilted westward by some submarine upheaval. There, with a very small stretch of imagination, one may still hear mastodons crashing through the reed-beds, and British hippopotamuses splashing and blowing in the pools; and, as every now and then an incautious foot-step breaks through the raft-like upper crust of soil, and imprisoned gases bubble up, one may, without any stretch of imagination, smell the foul stench of Pliocene days.

The climate in those days, geologists tell us, judging by the fossil plants of the

time, must—before the country was wrapped in ice—have been much what it is in Norfolk now. "If the various sections of the upper fresh-water beds are examined, we find," writes Mr. Clement Reid, who surveyed the country round Cromer, where the Forest Beds are most exposed, "that all appear to have been formed in large, shallow lakes like the present Broad, or in sluggish streams connected with them."

Three considerable rivers, the Bure, the Waveney, and the Yare, after meandering through level meadows and marshes—none of the three, according to Sir John Hawkshaw's estimate, with a fall of more than two inches in the mile—join and meet the full strength of the tide in Breydon Water.

The outflow is checked and the volume of the streams, finding no other way to dispose of itself, has spread out into side-waters and back-waters, wherever the law of levels, the only law to which it owns allegiance, has admitted a right of way.

The result is a triangle of some fifteen or twenty thousand acres or more in which, as in the abyss through which Satan winged his way in search of the newly created world,

Where hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strove for the mastery,

land and water hold divided empire. In places the water seems at the first glance to be carrying all before it. Broad sheets (some of them a hundred acres or more) spread almost unbroken surfaces over unfathomable depths of mud. But the encircling rings of rushes, dwarf alders, and other multitudinous marsh plants, creep in insidiously, each generation growing rank and dying to make soil on which the next may find a footing for another step inwards.

The water revenges the encroachment by flooding the land wherever it finds a chance, and undermining when it cannot overflow, till it is impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. One walks almost dry-shod across what had seemed a dangerous pool, and the next moment sinks over one's fishing stockings in what anywhere else would have been dry land. The confusion of ideas as to the relative solidity of earth and water which results from an hour or two spent in exploring a soft "broad" marsh is not lessened as one sees the huge brown sail of a "wherry"—the craft which is said to go closer to the wind than any other

afloat — moving straight up to one, to pass by at eight or nine miles an hour, sailing to all appearance on dry ground. The navigable channels are most of them natural cuttings in the dead level of the marsh, invisible at a very few yards' distance.

The name of the long pole, which is one of the most important parts of the equipment of the Norfolk wherry — the "quant" — is, by the by, a memorial of the days of Roman occupation. It was with a quant, spelt a little differently in Virgil's day, that Sergestus in the immortal boat race tried to shove off his galley when he had cut his corner too finely and run aground; and with a quant that Charon ferried his passengers across the Styx:—

Iipse ratem conto subigit velisque ministrat.

The entire district is unlike anything else in England, and, apart from its power of recalling the past, has an exceptional interest of its own for naturalists. It is the paradise of shy creatures of all sorts, birds especially, which love mud, or water, or reeds; and has been the last settled English home of more than one rare species. Their number, in spite of the keener interest taken of late years by landowners in bird preservation, steadily decreases.

The avocet, with its spindle shanks and beak turned up like a shoemaker's awl, which not very long ago bred so freely in the salt marshes that "poor people made puddings and pancakes" with their eggs, is now the rarest accidental visitor. The bittern, comparatively lately a regular breeder there, no longer "guards his nest" among the sedges and reeds; and ruffs and reeves are as rare as they once were common. But there is — or at least till last year was — one little bird which, driven from every other part of England, has made the Broads his own peculiar property, and himself thoroughly at home there. Hardy and modest in his wants, the bearded tit has been essentially a home-staying bird. His ancestors seem to have elected, generations ago, that, whatever the advantages of a winter in Algeria, the disadvantages were greater, and that, on the whole, it was better to face the evils that they knew than fly to others that they knew not of.

The "developments" of the family ever since the decision was made have been in a direction to fit them for a quiet life among the reed-beds. Other birds, smaller even than they, whose forefathers were of a different opinion, have wings now so perfected that, when soft animal food fails in

England, they think nothing of a flight of a few hundred miles to a sunnier spot where fat insects may still be found.

The bearded tit, with his little round wings and the heavy canvas of his long tail, cannot do what they can. But he can do what they cannot, and make the most of what is to be got in the way of food at home.

In the swampy grounds from which his reed-beds grow are quantities of very small snails. Some early ancestor, feeling the pinch of hunger, ventured experimentally to pick one up and ate it, and finding out the sustaining qualities of the rich inside meat, brought up his young ones to eat them too, and make light of the aches which a sharp-edged, hard shell swallowed whole must have caused in a delicately coated stomach.

They, in their turn, brought up their young on the same Spartan system, and now — unlike other tits which have most, if not all, of them tender insides, suitable enough for digesting soft insects, but unfit to do justice to anything harder than a seed well steeped in gastric juice — the bearded tit finds himself the possessor of an honest, sturdy gizzard, which can grind up without the least inconvenience to the owner any number of the shells of the snails which are its chief delicacy. As many as twenty little snail-shells have been taken from the crop of one bearded tit.

We wonder now why good people should have been so much alarmed as once they were at the doctrines of "development." It is the teaching of the parable of the talents extended from the spiritual to the physical world — powers neglected or abused withdrawn, others well used increased.

The shape and color of the bearded tit are as specially adapted as is its stomach to the peculiarities of its surroundings.

Visitors to the Broads in mid-summer who may have caught glimpses of the bird, showing itself for a minute or two at a time, a conspicuous object against the green of the young rushes, may find it difficult to realize that the bearded tit is, when invisibility is of most importance to it, protected by color and form scarcely less perfectly for all practical purposes than are leaf-insects, or stick-caterpillars, or the wonderful creatures described by Professor Drummond in his "Tropical Africa."

But such is the case. The eggs are laid about the middle or end of April, when the tall reeds among which the nest is

built an inch or two from the ground, are ripe for cutting.

The prevailing tints of the entire district — land, water, and sky — are then the cinnamons, straw colors, and pale blue greys, miraculously reproduced in the feathers of the bird, which might pass for the emancipated spirit of the dead reeds of last summer. The long tail, with its pointed end, hangs down as its owner comes in sight for a moment to look about him, the counterfeit presentment of a faded frond of the stalk he grips, one foot below the other.

The hoopoes, as the legend goes, wear their crown of feathers in memory of the day when their ancestors saw King Solomon almost fainting under a sudden burst of noonday sunshine, and sheltered his royal head with a parasol of overlapping wings.

It may be as a mark of approval of the manliness with which he faces winter on the Broad, when snipe and other birds have been driven off by the cold, that the bearded tit now wears the long silky black moustache — his own peculiar adornment — which hangs from each side of the beak.

As in the nobler species, the moustache is noticed only in the males. There is a prolongation of the cheek feathers of the female also, but not the same contrast of colors.

For all ordinary winters the bearded tit is well provided. But, unhappily, last winter — the longest on record since the days of Lorna Doone — was not an ordinary one.

Fifty-nine days of consecutive, almost sunless, frost were recorded in London, and in parts of the Broads the weather was even more severe. The snails for weeks and months must have been glued fast to the ground or rush-stalks — tantalizingly in sight for much of the time, as there was no great quantity of snow, but as much out of reach of a small beak as flies in amber. The birds when most in need of a warming meat-diet were driven to depend almost entirely on such dry ship-biscuits as the seeds of reeds, without even water, excepting here and there in the running streams, to wash it down, and have suffered terribly in consequence.

It was on one of the bright mornings towards the end of April last, when, in spite of a wind still nailed in the east, a warm sun and such spring sounds as the call of the nuthatch, a pair of whom had from daybreak been carrying on a lively conversation over an unfinished nest in a box in the garden, encouraged the hope that the return of the glacial epoch might

not after all be so near as for the last six months had seemed probable, we found ourselves, after an early breakfast and drive of fourteen miles, landing from a boat on the edge of a marsh skirting a Broad. The marsh is strictly preserved, and on it, as lately as last summer, bearded tits were plentiful. We had come in the full expectation of seeing both birds and nests, and were, if anything, rather encouraged than otherwise when the keeper — in the pessimistic tone common to men of his order when conscious that there is an unusually good head of game in front of the guns — told us that, though there was a nice lot of reeds uncut, he "doubted" we should not find any tits, as to the best of his belief there was not one of them left in the place.

But before an enjoyable day was over his words had acquired a different meaning. We tramped the marsh, which teemed with other bird life, backwards and forwards. Twice we flushed a mallard from a nest well filled with eggs. One nest, with a clutch of ten, was downed almost as thickly as an eider duck's, with a well-trampled path like a miniature sheep-walk leading from it to the water's edge. From behind a stook of reed-sheafs we watched for ten minutes a pair of teal playing together — unobserved, as they supposed — in a rushy pond close by.

Shovellers, with fantastic coloring and great flat beaks out of all proportion to the size of the bird, rose more than once within a few yards of us, and after circling once or twice, pitched again not far off.

Tired-looking swallows sat disconsolately in parties of five or six on bushes, or rose to skim over the water in a half-hearted way, and light again.

A pair of redshanks crossed us once or twice, flying in line, one just behind the other, whistling loudly as they flew. Cuckoos called, and overhead snipe poised themselves, drumming and bleating, and dropped like stones as they neared the ground. In the nest of one of them we saw a beautiful instance of "protective coloring," the marvel of which never loses its freshness.

The keeper the day before our visit had found the nest, and for our benefit had marked the spot. It was in a line between two bushes, within half-a-dozen yards of one which stood alone and unmistakable on flat ground, with nothing on it bigger than a few short sprits which could hide the nest. As we neared the spot, the bird, to show there could be no mistake in the mark, rose close by us.

For more than a quarter of an hour we

looked—three pairs of eyes, one pair the keeper's—crossing and recrossing every foot of the ground, and were giving up the search as hopeless, thinking that a crow perhaps had hunted the marsh in the early morning before us, when in the middle of a tussock of sprits at our feet we saw a Maltese cross of very green eggs, mottled irregularly with brownish-red, exactly imitating the bed of deep moss from which the sprits grew.

The color of snipes' and many other eggs is very volatile, and no one who has only seen them "blown" in a cabinet can quite realize their beauty when seen in the nest, fresh-laid and untouched.

At intervals of our tramp on shore we took the boat, rowing across corners of the Broad, or pushing our way through ditches or narrow, twisting channels. We saw coots' nests in plenty, and one unfinished nest of the great crested grebe—the one rare bird which has made some return for the trouble taken of late years for its preservation by becoming more common. A floating mass of weeds, fished up, wringing wet, from the bottom of the water, looks a hopeless nest for a bird to hatch her eggs in; but, like a damp haystack, it generates very considerable heat.

"In a grebe's nest," writes Mr. Southwell in the third volume of "Stevenson's Birds of Norfolk," just published, "in which were three eggs and a newly hatched young one, the thermometer rose to 73°, showing that the nest, so far from being the cold and uncomfortable structure by some supposed, was a real hotbed. On inserting the thermometer into a beautifully neat and dry coot's nest, which the bird had just left, I found the temperature to be 61°. The day was wet and cheerless, and the maximum reading of the thermometer in the shade was 58°."

We saw through our glasses several crested grebes playing on the Broad. Oddly enough, the common little grebe—the "dabchick"—is less plentiful in Norfolk than it is in St. James's Park, where last year as many as six pairs, all wild birds, nested and brought off their broods.

For six or seven pleasant hours we hunted marsh and Broad with eyes and ears open. But not once did we catch sight of a feather, nor once hear the silvery "ping" of the note of the bearded tit.

It was, of course, one corner only of a wide district over the whole of which the bird has been well known that we had explored. There are other Breads and marshes where local circumstances may have tempered the killing wind. There,

while we looked for them in vain, busy parents may have been working hard from morning till night to cater for the wants of hungry families safely hidden in daily thickening growths of bog-flowers and grasses, and another year the deserted reed-beds we visited may be re-peopled.

But as we drove home the conviction forced itself more and more strongly upon us, that from one at least of its most favored haunts the bearded tit has disappeared, and that it is not improbable that very soon—perhaps before this year is over—naturalists may be telling the sad story of the extinction of one more English bird.

T. DIGBY PIGOTT.

From The Spectator.

"RUS IN URBE."

ON the 6th of June last, a further extension of some thirty acres was made to Epping Forest, and formally declared open and dedicated to the public by the Duke of Connaught. It would have been a matter for more rejoicing if the land had been nearer to the city's centre, and had actually been wrested from the tyranny of bricks and mortar; but, failing that, we may well congratulate ourselves that the corporation of London seems so fully alive to the necessity of saving some green spot here and there from the builder, and of preventing the all-devouring extension of the great city's suburbs from swallowing up in its outward course every sign of verdure, every memory of the country that it has destroyed. It is difficult sometimes—when, for instance, one hears of proposed subways and railways through Kensington Gardens—to believe that the public really appreciate the efforts that are made on its behalf, or realize how terrible a difference there would be in the London that they know, were it not for the jealous guard that is kept over the few vacant spaces that are left to it. Could they really succeed in picturing to themselves a London in which houses stood shoulder to shoulder and street opened into street, without a single break in the weary monotony of walls and pavement, without a single breathing-space or refuge from the turmoil of busy life, they would not so lightly propose to encroach upon the scanty pleasure-ground that is left to them. For, even as it is, the space that they have rescued is too little for their needs. An ideal London would occupy at least twice the area that our city does, and of that

area blocks of building and green parks would occupy an equal proportion. That can never be now, as far as the centre of the city is concerned; let us hope that the suburbs may be planned with a more liberal expenditure of space. We must be content with what we have already got, and here we are fain to confess that what we have already got is by no means to be despised. The narrow limits of our open spaces have at least made it more easy to care for them, and the care that has been lavished upon them has, for the most part, been well directed, and attended with excellent results. Even in the very heart of the busy City, there are tiny gardens here and there, bright with flowers and shaded with trees, where the turf, although forbidden to the foot, at least serves as a refreshment to the eye; little oases of green in the wilderness of smoky buildings, as jealously watched and guarded as are wells in the desert. In the less busy and more fashionable region of the West End, St. James's Park, the Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens stretch a broad belt of verdure across its streets and squares. Regent's Park gladdens the eyes of Marylebone; and Battersea Park is dear to those who dwell in the desolate land beyond the river. Few people on this side of the Thames know how beautiful a place Battersea Park has become of late years. To-day it can compare favorably with even the West-End parks in the point of gardening and tree-culture; its Tropical Garden brings a revelation of new forms and foliage to the untravelled public that frequent it; while the broad stretches of grass and the really noble trees that have survived from an earlier stage in its history, give it that quiet dignity of beauty which is so peculiar to the best-loved aspect of English landscape.

We have all this, it is true, but we would fain have more. A story is told of a North-country groom, brought to town for the first time, who was asked by his master at the end of the season what he thought of London. "Well, sir," he replied, "it's a goodish bit of grass, but it's terrible scattery." The man's daily work had never taken him outside the parks. Alas! there are many people whose daily work never takes them inside a park, and who look at London with very different eyes; stained walls and smoking chimneys are the horizon of their life; nothing but that do they see, and nothing beyond it. It is for their sake that we wish that the open spaces were scattered more evenly, and that the

East End of London presented the same appearance on the map as the more fashionable quarter; for unless such pleasures are brought to their doors, they will not avail themselves of them. It is a far cry from Hyde Park to the Bank, and one can hardly blame the inhabitant of Hoxton for not trudging the long two miles that separate him from the nearest sight of green grass and trees. Were they not at our doors, should we avail ourselves of them? And yet how much do they mean to us! Does any one ever try to realize what London would be without its parks and gardens? Well have they been called the lungs of London, for they have become essential to the very breath of London life, as we know it. Think of Hyde Park, and the constant stream of carriages and riders that surround it; whither would that river flow, what other outlet would it find for its exercise and pleasure? And yet it is not Hyde Park that most commends itself to us. Brilliant and beautiful are the flower-beds that stretch from arch to arch, but they owe more to the art of the gardener than to the sweet will of nature; like bright carpets, they are planned and laid out in artificial splendor, and of gazing at them there soon comes weariness, the weariness of gazing in at shop windows. Straying westward over the grass and under the scattered trees, one cannot but remark how the ardor of religious and social fanatics, and the thronging feet of those that follow them, have left their scars upon the greensward. Great patches of earth are laid bare and brown by the tread of discontent, and the frequent railing testifies to the uselessness of the attempts of order to stem the torrent. Further westward, the ground rises and falls again,—falls upon one side down to the much-frequented borders of the Serpentine, where the wild water-fowl have their homes, and forget their wildness in an amused consideration of the imperfect means by which man propels himself across the waters. The city clerk, in his skiff, struggles with his refractory sculls side by side with the white swans who slowly sail by with invisible oaring, and watch the poor efforts of humanity with most majestic disdain,—not disdaining, however, to fight furiously for the bread with which humanity delights to regale them from the banks. But these are busy haunts, and westward still must one take one's way to escape from the sight and sound of fellow-creatures, into the comparative solitude of the country. How swift and immediate is the pleasure of plunging

directly into Kensington Gardens from the noisy rattle of the pavements! Here, at least, the trees stand thick together, and shut out with their deep foliage, as with a leafy screen, all other sights save that of the sky above and the green turf below. How real is the refreshment of dragging feet that are tired with the London stones over that soft and yielding carpet, brushing off the weary dust of the streets as one passes through the rank, clinging grass that trammels the footsteps! Here at last, beneath the shade of some spreading lime, one may fling oneself down upon the rich, fragrant grass, and looking upwards through the leafy boughs, imagine oneself far from the working world, and at rest. What does it matter that the trunks of elm and lime tree are blackened with London soot as though by fire? Are their fresh leaves any less green and pleasant? Or that the sheep who idly stray across the sward bear fleeces that are grimed with the dirt of a city's toil? They are none the less sheep; the trees bear leaves; the grass is green; and above the blue sky looks down, unveiled by fog and smoke. It is not the country, perhaps, but it is very like, and for that reason, to our hearts at least, it is very dear. The roll of carts and carriages, the rattle of hoofs, the discordant cries of the streets, all the uproar and the din of the madding crowd, is gone and forgotten, dwindled to so faint and distant a murmur that it might be but the soft hum of passing bees. Far nearer is the rustling whisper of the leaves that are stirred by the gusts of summer air, or the constant twittering song of the birds that flit from bough to bough. Now and again, a child or two, wandering from their nurses' guard, will cross the glade, or a pair of lovers stroll by; but of the busy traffic of life there is no sign. Stillness and peace abide beneath the quiet tree. Here is a sanctuary into which one may escape from the hot prison of the town walls, and the weary fever of strife that racks the world outside. In the deep heart of these wooded glades, wandering slowly through the shadow and sunshine

that chequers the grassy path, one may well forget the glare and noise of other hours in the day. Few, very few, are those who frequent these sequestered spots; out of the many hundreds of thousands who live hard by, but a few dozens have leisure or inclination to seek these solitudes. One cannot find it in one's heart to regret it, for were it otherwise, they would be solitudes no more. The crowd that does find its way into Kensington Gardens, children and idlers for the most part, generally throng the edge of the Round Pond, where they sail their mimic fleet of toy-boats, or pace up and down the long flower-walk that skirts the southern railing. The walk is beautiful enough; especially was it beautiful during the last month, when the glorious flush of white and rosy blossoms slowly gave way to the deeper red of the may-flower; and beautiful, too, in its way, is the quiet pool that reflects the picturesque pile of Kensington Palace. But in both the hand of man is evident; they are not the country, and it is the faint memory of the country that makes these more secluded walks so dear.

Kensington Gardens have escaped so far from being improved by a railway. We cannot fancy that there was ever any very serious danger of their suffering so horrible a desecration, and we sincerely trust that there never may be. It may seem fanciful, but the idea sometimes comes to one that these few acres of verdure and solitude are in some way the conscience of London, and that it behoves us to keep them free and unburdened. The heart of that man is never wholly bad who still keeps fresh and green in it some memory of better things; and so it seems to us that a great city which still keeps scraps of the country in its midst, is not altogether given over to the mammon of unrighteousness. Poor Falstaff, dying, babbled of green fields; even the worst of us, in moments of distress, of weariness, or disgust, turn our thoughts to those wholesome pastures and a more pure and cleanly air.

THE ODOR OF EARTH. — At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, MM. Berthelot and G. André contributed a paper on the proper odor of earth, in which they described their researches into the origin of the odor which is so noticeable in a garden after a shower of rain. The essential prin-

ciple resides in an organic compound of the aromatic series, its odor being very penetrating and analogous to that of the camphors. The new principle, which is neither acid, alkali, or a normal aldehyde, exists only in a very small proportion in mould.

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